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Part One **GREENSBORO TELEGRAM.** Pages 1 to 8

VOL. VII. NO. 5. GREENSBORO, N. C., SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1900. Price Five Cents

THE CHINESE ARE FRIGHTENED.

AFRAID OF THE RELIEF COLUMN.

To Send Ministers to Tien-Tsin—Believed That the Allies Are Advancing—A Viceroy Paid for the Heads of Christians—Chinese Disregard an Armistice—A Big Battle Expected Tomorrow.

By Wire to the Telegram.

Washington, Aug. 4.—From official reports received today it is evident that the Chinese government is frightened over the consequences that would follow the arrival of an international relief column at the gates of Pekin. The government is arranging to send the ministers to Tien-Tsin, hoping by that means to placate the powers and cause the allied troops to stop before reaching the capital. There is every reason to believe that the allies are advancing and that the ministers may meet them half way between Pekin and Tien-Tsin.

PAID FOR THE HEADS OF CHRISTIANS.

Shanghai, Aug. 4.—The discoveries at Tien-Tsin are making it blacker for the viceroy who ruled before the bombardment. Proofs have been found showing that the viceroy offered and paid rewards for the heads of Christians. A cage in which foreigners were confined has been found in the official residence.

ARMISTICE NOT REGARDED.

London, Aug. 4.—A dispatch has been received from Sir Claude MacDonald, at Pekin, which repeats the statement made in his last letter, but adds that, despite the armistice agreed upon July 16th, the legations are shelled occasionally. The dispatch concludes as follows:

"It is important that when the relief force gets close to town the troops should advance rapidly and prevent the retreat of the Chinese attacking us."

A dispatch was received at Tien Tsin from the Japanese minister at Pekin, dated July 23rd, saying the defenders of Pekin had only 25 rounds of ammunition left.

A BATTLE EXPECTED.

London, Aug. 4.—There is nothing direct from the allies operating beyond Tien-Tsin, but a dispatch from Shanghai today says a battle is expected tomorrow between Gen. Mas' troops and 10,000 Chinese at Yang-Tsun. The Russian and French contingents are guarding the communications. American, British and Japanese troops form the advancing column.

ALL QUIET AT CANTON.

Hong Kong, Aug. 4—All is quiet at Canton, but there is great activity at the Pogue forts, which are fully manned. Flags are hoisted on the walls and there is constant practice with big guns. The Chinese in this section fear an attack by the French.

RUSSIANS DEFEATED.

London, Aug. 4—A news agency dispatch from Shanghai, dated Aug. 2nd, says the Russians have sustained a severe defeat north of New Chwang, being forced to abandon the railway between that place and Port Arthur. Five thousand Russians are trying to hold Tsah Filo Chao, but the place is surrounded by 40,000 Chinese.

Four Russian steamers on the Amur are reported sunk or damaged by Chinese fire.

DEFENCELESS CONVERTS KILLED.

London, August 4, 3:55 a. m.—According to a special dispatch from Shanghai, dated August 3, the advancing column of the allies was reported there yesterday to have reached a point 35 miles beyond Tien-Tsin. Nothing from any other point corroborates this statement. In fact, The Standard goes so far as to say that it fears the real advance, apart from preliminary measures, has not yet begun. Tien-Tsin dispatches, dated July 30, tell of an action which is termed a "reconnoisance between the Japanese and Chinese," two miles beyond the Bsiku arsenal, in which the Japanese withdrew after suffering 30 casualties.

The Tien-Tsin correspondent of The Standard, under date of July 27, declares that the Americans and Germans have been ordered to move forward, without waiting for the British. A Che Fu special, August 1, announces the safety of all the Americans in Pekin and the reception of a letter from Dr. Cheltman, dated Pekin, July 20, saying that on the previous day, Sir Claude MacDonald, the British minister, had agreed to a truce provided the Chinese came no closer, and adding: "We hope th's means relief; but, having defeated the Chinese, are fearful now of treachery. All are exhausted with constant watching, fighting and digging trenches. The greatest credit is due to Mr. Squires, secretary of the United States legation, whose military experience and energy are invaluable."

The Shanghai correspondent of The Daily News says the consuls there regret the independent action taken by the American and China Association upon the ground that it is injudicious. He says: "The settlements being international, petty jealousies must disappear. The China Association is of little local influence." Presumably he refers to the American Asiatic Association.

The Hong Kong correspondent of The Daily Express announces the arrival there from San Francisco of Homer Lea, for some time secret agent in the United States of the Society for the Reformation of the Chinese Empire, with 60,000 pounds sterling, which "will presumably be utilized in connection with the revolutionary movement against the Empress Dowager, a movement quiescent since 1898, until within the last few weeks."

Nearly all the correspondents confirm the reports of a wholesale massacre of Christians outside Pekin, a correspondent of The Daily News giving the number killed as between 10,000 and 15,000, all defenceless converts. Imperial troops, so it is said, did the ghastly work.

According to the Shanghai correspondent of The Times, one of the members of the Tsung Li Yamen mentioned by United States Consul Goodnow, as having been beheaded for pro-foreign tendencies, was Hsu Ching Cheng, former minister to Russia. The correspondent said the Empress Dowager ordered his execution on the advice of Li Ping Hong.

Li Hung Chang has been informed from Pekin that Prince Ching's only prominent supporters in his peace policy are General Yung Li and Wang Wen Snao, president of the board of revenue, whose influence is small.

THE MAJORITY IS 60,000.

Democrats Have Elected 100 Members of the House and 38 Senators.

Special Dispatch to the Telegram.

Raleigh, Aug. 4—Chairman Simmons has received a telegram from Dare county saying it goes Democratic. Brunswick gave a majority for the amendment, but re-elected Dr. McNeill to the House of Representatives. He is the man who voted against the amendment twice.

The Democrats have elected 10 members of the House and 38 Senators. The senatorial vote of Chatham, Moore and Randolph is yet in doubt. If the Democrats have carried this district it will give them 40 Senators.

Yancey and McDowell counties are safely Democratic. Burke goes Democratic by over 400. The Republicans carry Watauga.

The majority for the Democratic State ticket is about 60,000. The majority for the amendment is about 2,000 less.

Americans Killed in Switzerland.

By Wire to the Telegram.

Tolojia, Switzerland, Aug. 4 —C. P. Way and his 13-year-old son, Americans, accompanied by Mr. De La Ruee, an Englishman, started to climb Cimadiorsso without a guide yesterday. When near the summit Way slpped on a stone and fell over the precipice. The rope by which he was attached to his son broke, and they were both killed. Their bodies were recovered with the greatest difficulty.

Buying Horses for Germany.

By Wire to the Telegram.

Hoboken, N. Y., Aug. 4—Four commissioners representing the German government are in Hoboken negotiating for the purchase of horses for war service in China. They state that they expect to require 30,000 horses within the next 30 days. The orders will be distributed throughout the East, South and West, and a few may go to China.

Cotton Market.

By Wire to the Telegram.

New York, August 4 —Cotton: 65; August, 8.52, September, 20, October 8, November 7 90.

THE MAJORITIES.

Only Nine Counties Carried by the Fusionists, With Several in Doubt.

Raleigh Correspondence Charlotte Observer.

The returns show that to the Senate there are elected 38 Democrats and 9 fusionists, with three seats doubtful, and to the House 95 Democrats and 13 fusionists, while twelve seats are in doubt.

There was some talk today about national politics. This grew out of a rumor that Senator Butler had declared North Carolina's electoral vote should be cast for McKinley. Chairman Simmons said at Democratic headquarters tonight that the State's vote would be cast for Bryan beyond peradventure.

Mecklenburg, Edgecombe and Robeson are the banner counties, so far as the vote on the constitutional amendment is concerned. Each gave it 3,500 majority, New Hanover ranking second with 3,018. There will be only 2 Populists in the legislature, both from Senator Butler's county, Sampson. Senator Butler is here. He has kept very quiet today. The local military who were ordered on duty Tuesday evening by Governor Russell were relieved from duty at noon today.

Senator Butler said this evening that the election returns he had were not definite enough for an estimate by counties and added. "Every negro county has gone Democratic and the majority for the amendment can be anything desired. Certificates of election will be given, I should say, to 70 Democratic Representatives and to 30 to 35 Democratic Senators. Of course it could be more, because the stealing capacity is unlimited." The Senator says he expects to spend next week fishing and resting after his campaign, which is the most disastrous on record in North Carolina.

The following are the county majorities as received at Democratic headquarters and revised and compared up to 8 p. m.

Democratic majorities: Alamance 250, Anson 1,625, Beaufort 1,200, Bertie 1,545, Bladen 300. Buncombe 600, Burke 250, Cabarrus 250, Camden 7, Carteret 250, Caswell 100, Catawba 50, Chatham 100, Chowan 400, Cleveland 1,513, Columbus 1,000. Craven 1,500, Cumberland 1,000, Currituck 500, Duplin 727, Durham 700, Edgecombe 3,500, Forsyth 500, Franklin 900, Gaston 800, Gates 650, Granville 600, Greene 500, Guilford 800, Halifax 3,000, Harnett 154, Hertford 975, Iredell 400, Jackson 100, Johnston 2 040, Jones 250, Lenoir 1,050, Lincoln 200, Martin 1,023, McDowell 200, Mecklenburg 3,650, Montgomery 500, Nash 800, New Hanover 3,016, Northampton 1,163, Onslow 800, Pasquotank 500, Pender 850, Perquimans 300, Person 300, Pitt 1,200, Richmond 1,500, Robeson 3,500, Rockingham 867, Rowan 1,500, Rutherford 250, Scotland 1,100, Stanly 800, Tyrrell 100, Union 1,800, Vance 400, Wake 1,400, Warren 800, Washington 460, Wayne 2,300, Wilson 1,300.

Fusion majorities: Alexander 100, Caldwell 100, Davie 300, Henderson 125, Madison 900, Mitchell 1,500, Polk 60, Wilkes 600, Yadkin 840.

Democrats have carried Davidson, Pamlico and Randolph. Both sides claim Orange. Macon is very close.

MOONLIGHT PICNIC.

Young People Enjoy Themselves at the Battle Ground.

One of the most enjoyable outings of the season was a moonlight picnic at the Battle Ground Thursday night in honor of several visiting young ladies. After partaking of the bountiful spread that had been prepared for the occasion the crowd wandered around over the grounds for an hour or two, returning about 12 o'clock.

The merry party was composed of Misses Daisy Carraway, Helen Wheeler, May Harrison, Lola Reid, Mary Lindsay, Pattie Olive, Annie Land, Anna Mulford, Katherine Geiter, Lilian Reid, Nettie Murray, Nan Wood, Nannie Reid, Queenie McDonald, Irma Kellett, Minnie Lyon and Miss Hall, and Messrs. Richard Crawford, Louis Beall, Frank Eldridge, Eugene McNairy, Frank Leak, Lacy Sellers, George Patterson, Moody Stroud, Ney Forbis, Dr. Harrison, Chalmers McLean, Bernie Gilmer, J. E. Mann, Will Hughes, Charles Murray and Rev. C. E. Hodgin.

TWO DEAD AND ONE CRAZY.

Tragic Ending of an Attempted Elopement in Missouri—Lovers Buried in the Same Grave.

Poplar Bluff, Mo., Aug. 2.—Two persons dead and a father insane is the result of an attempt to elope yesterday made by Martha Hendricks and Paul Warner, young people, living near Bennett, Ripley county The young people have been keeping company some time, and were very anxious to marry. The father of the girl, John Hendricks, objected to the match on account of the girl's age, she being only 17. This morning the couple slipped away from home and started for Doniphan, this county, with a view of getting married. The father started in pursuit, and to outwit him the young couple attempted to cross Currant river in a boat. When midway in the stream the boat was overturned by striking a snag, and both were drowned. Their bodies were recovered by some hunters, who heard their screams, but were too late to render assistance. When Mr. Hendricks arrived latter and heard of the awful accident he went insane. The couple will be buried in the same grave.

A Train Derailed and Burned.

By Wire to the Telegram.

Bloomfontein, Aug. 4.—A train carrying United States Consul Stowe, and over which the stars and stripes were flying, was derailed and burned at Honigspruitt, south of Kronstad, by a flying patrol of Boers. No prisoners were taken.

Big Mail Robbery.

By Wire to the Telegram.

New York, Aug. 4.—Postoffice Inspector Daniel this morning reported the robbery of a registered letter containing $28 000 between Station O and the general postoffice in this city.

The King's Funeral.

By Wire to the Telegram.

Rome, Aug. 4—The funeral of the murdered King Humbert has been fixed definitely for next Thursday.

Shirt-Waist Man.

Chicago Post.

The proposition to put men in shirt waists cannot be seriously considered until we know exactly how we are going to dispose of that obstacle at the waist line. We have seen the football player

Standing with reluctant feet
Where the shirt and trousers meet

but while this may do very well for football, it will hardly serve the purpose for dress parade. The physical conformation of the ladies enables them to retain the graceful swing and hang of their skirts, but a man's trousers must be buoyed up by adventitious aid. We could not think of wearing our suspenders over our shirt waists and our present style of belts surmounted by a row of trouser buttons would be a hideous innovation. To meet the exigency, therefore, we must employ pads in defiance of nature's distinctions, or safety pins, which are somewhat subversive of our manly dignity. There may be other ways of getting around this difficulty, and we hope the interested parties will give the subject the prayerful consideration its importance merits.

We have no hesitation in saying that the inventor who points out the way of uniting the shirt waist and the trousers, harmoniously to the eye and agreeably to the abdominal muscles, will lay the foundation of a colossal fortune.

A Pleasant Dance at the Battle Ground.

A number of young people enjoyed a moonlight drive last night to the Battle Ground, where dancing and other forms of pleasure were indulged in.

The couples were:

Miss Ruth Gold, of Wilson, with Mr. Junius I. Scales; Miss Mary Balsley, of Reidsville, with Mr. Everett B. King; Miss Nora Balsley with Mr. P. D. Gold; Miss Lilzie Balsley with Mr. John S. Michaux; Miss Lizzie Leigh Dick with Mr. Henry Thompson; Miss Marjorie Lyon with Mr. Norman Staples; Miss Satterthwaite with Mr. A. H. Staples; Miss Turner with Mr. McAdoo; Miss Lillian Staples with Mr. William Tallman; Miss Hamner, of High Point, with Mr. T. S. Horry.

Stags: Messrs. Sheloh and Herbert Thompson.

ANTI-JEW RIOTS IN ODESSA.

Russian Troops Start the Trouble—The Jewish Quarter Looted.

Odessa Dispatch, Aug. 1st.

A number of soldiers who have been ordered to the far East were selling their superfluous chattels to Jew dealers on Sunday, when one of them who had realised five roubles for his goods declared that the purchaser had immediately picked his pocket after paying him.

The allegation started a ferocious attack on the Jews which spread throughout the Jewish quarter. A mob joined the soldiers and wrecked and plundered booths and brutally beat Jews wherever they were found. The police were helpless.

Cossacks and infantry were paraded, but it was hours before the rioting stopped. It is stated that many of the troops ordered to protect the Jews joined the looters when not under the eyes of their officers. The authorities were energetic. They summarily flogged rioters who were caught in the act, but there were sapasmodic outbursts on Monday and Tuesday.

Two soldiers were killed on Sunday. It is stated that five Jews were killed. One hundred and twenty were taken to the hospitals.

PEKIN SHOULD BE DESTROYED.

Merchants and Missionaries Want China Punished Before Peace is Proclaimed.

Che Fu, July 29, via Shanghai, Aug. 2.—Public opinion and the foreign press at the treaty ports are alarmed at the possibility that the Chinese may prevail upon the powers to consent to peace without inflicting punishment befitting the Chinese government's crime. Officials and persons engaged in commercial pursuits and missionaries of all natinalties are remarkably united.

They believe Pekin should be destroyed as an object lesson, and that if the dynasty is continued, it should be forced to establish the capital at some accessible city. The Americans suggest Nankin. This is considered important, as the Chinese always believed that China defeated the powers in 1860, because the capital remained intact. It is also thought that guarantees to prevent excessive armament should be demanded and that China should be compelled, publicly and definitely, to renounce the fiction that the foreign ministers are representatives of tributary powers. There is a strong demand for unusual punishment, like the destruction of the Kings' tombs

THE NEW WATERWORKS PLANT.

The Location Visited by the Water Committee—The Plan Satisfactory.

Mayor Taylor, City Engineer Bandy and the water committee, composed of Aldermen Hunter, Sergeant, Joyner and Scott, visited South Buffalo creek yesterday afternoon for the purpose of studying more specifically the details of locating the reservoir, filter basin and pump station of the new waterworks plant. The plan of the plant, as exhibited on a map drawn by the city engineer, was very satisfactory and encouraging to the water committee.

The system of fixtures, from the diverting dam to the main force line, was harmoniously connected. Tidiness, so essential to the eye of the consumer of city water, is present in all the plans and specifications pertaining to dams, seservoir, filter basin and pipes.

Dr. Benbow accompanied the committee and gave his approval in regard to the location and plans, which was gratifying to the committee.

A Duel Over Bresci's Brother.

Milan, Aug. 4.—Lieutenant Bresci, brother of King Humbert's assassin, has informed the colonel of his regiment of his intention to leave the army and change his name. He will be provided with an appointment in the civil administration.

A duel with sabres has been fought between Captain Tani and Captain Baccailli, on the subject of Lieutenant Bresci's course. Capt. Tani had expressed sympathy with the lieutenant, whereupon Captain Bacciali declared that he could no longer offer his hand to Lieutenant Bresci. Baccaili was wounded in the head during the sixth onslaught.

ANOTHER SUMMER NECESSARY.

The Shirt Sleeved Brigade Has Been Swamped and Only Two Survivors Remain—Think They Will Come Out on Top Next Season.

Savanah News.

Conceived in Savannah, put into feeble execution on the streets, talked of in aggressive support and condemned in determined vituperation, the shirt sleeves movement seems upon the verge of passing away here. Save for a very few devotees who yet adhere to the tenets so vehemently and eloquently expounded by the advocates of coolness and comfort and rather than convention and caloric, the brigade has lost those who enlisted. Nor has it been a good fight.

None have died the death of social ostracism. The antagonism has not been so pronounced as that. The casualities have been due to another cause—desertion. Unable to withstand the glances of disapproval encountered on the streets, the sundry nods of the heads, sallies of wit or "witlessness," commiserating smiles or averted heads of fair friends, back the faint hearts have rushed to their coats, forsaking the cause espoused with such eagerness and glad to perspire in an outer garment and less discomfort than that encountered, though sans coat, when the majority's criticism and non-conformance made allegiance to a principle a mark of heroism.

Those opposed to the wrecking of conventionalities, the anti-iconoclasts, feel much as did the disconsolate man who, accosted by a friend and asked why he looked so downcast, replied: "My mother-in-law is at death's door, and the doctor dosen't know whether he can pull her through or not." The opposition to the shirt sleeves movement join in the wish that the old lady will die. They glance about the streets, fail to see evidence of any great vitality, and reckon her chances as very slim.

An adherent to the principle of no coat and coolness declared yesterday that he believes another summer will be necessary for a victory to be won. He has no further hope this season. In rather an unobtrusive way, he continues to appear divested of his coat, but he thinks he can float around almost anywhere he pleases next summer with his shirt and trousers and belt quite the proper thing.

The way the idea has taken root all over the country that it would be the part of good sense and solid comfort to forget to put on a coat during the summer gives good ground for the belief that a coat will yet be generally regarded as a useless incumbrance. But the gods forbid, is the cry even among the advocates in Savannah of a coatless costume, that ever a man in shirt waist should strike the town. Let a man-woman display himself-herself on the streets here in such attire, and he-she may count upon a crowd at least three blocks in length, as a hooting, howling train of interested spectators.

The shirt sleeves brigade has fallen from its high estate to but two members One of these is really not a member at all. He has been appearing on the streets without his coat for several summers, and attention has only been directed to him on account of the stories of the new movement. He deplores the sad lot and offers a devout wish that discussion of the thing may stop. Until it began, he was not noticed, but allowed to pursue the cool tenor of his way with never an objection interposed. Now he must needs stand the slings and arrows of adverse criticism.

So that the other is really the last of the coatless enthusiasts. Unterrified by gibes and comments, he continues a chartered member of the movement, to live up to its principles, scorning to revert to the irksome abomination that he so gladly forsook. Having tasted of the joys of the comforts of a shirt uncovered by a coat, he is wedded to them and, for one, will not desert his colors.

It is a matter of comment that in Savannah, the place where the movement began, its very cradle, it has practically come to naught. Verily, though, it has not been without honor, save in its own city, elsewhere the suggestion has been taken up with a degree of enthusiasm that has the appearance of earnestness. Even yet the custom of coats in the summer may become obselete. In such an event, those who inaugurated the movement in Savannah will feel as those they have not lived in vain.

Probably one thousand people will attend the lawn party on the Eckel lawn next Thursday. Of course you will be there.

President and King Talk to Each Other Over the New Cable.

New York, Aug. 3—Congratutatory messages from President McKinley and the King of Portugal were flashed direct today, between the United States and Portugal, over the new line of the Commercial Cable Company, which has just been put in operation between the Azores and this country.

The new cable connects at the Island of Fayal with the European and Azores line from the Azores to Portugal and is the first to connect the Azores with the United States. It also opens direct communication for the first time between this country and Portugal.

Mother made glad. Get a pair of Drs. Moore's glrsses save her eyes.

when we look back on the science of glass fitting and the conditions which but a few years since governed the wearing of glasses and then view the conditions that exist today we can but wonder. The young man who wore glasses of any sort then pronounced a "dude" or an imbecile. Today the eyes of the biggest, brainiest, most substantial men in business and the professions look upon the world through glass.

Drs. R.L. & E.H. Moore,
112 E. Market St.

The wolf in the fable put on sheep's clothing because if he traveled on his own reputation he couldn't accomplish his purpose. Counterfeiters of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve couldn't sell their worthless salves on their own merits, so they put them in boxes and wrappers like DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve It cures piles and all skin diseases. Howard Gardner. Aug.

H. J. BLAUVELT,
ARCHITECT,
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WANTED—Property of every nature, kind or description, for sale or rent.

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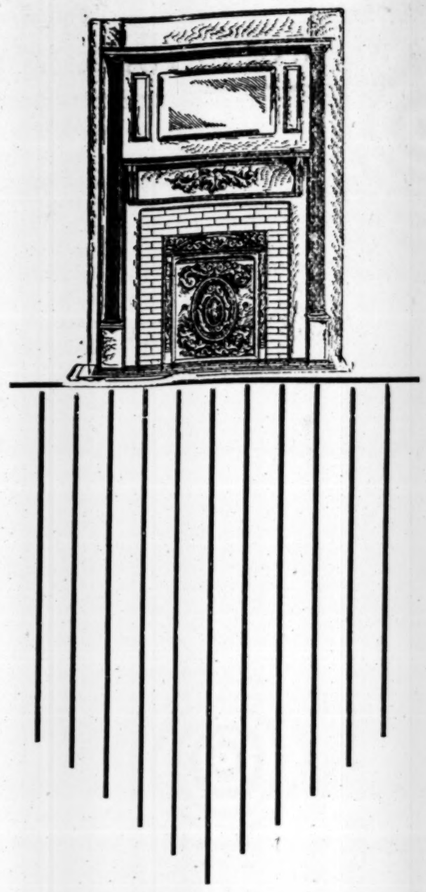

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GREAT EMBROIDERY SALE: 500 yards fine embroidery in short lengths, 15 and 20 cent quality at 8 and 10c a yard.

SALE OF WHITE GOODS: 300 yards fine white striped goods for waists and dresses, 15 and 20c quality at 10c. 300 yards fine corded dimity 10c value at 5c.

SALE OF WHITE PIQUE: 300 yards fine P. K. 15c value at 9½c. 400 yards fine heavy P. K., 20c value at 14c. 500 yards yery fine P. K., 25, 35 and 40c quality at 18c.

UMBRELLA SALE: 200 good well made umbrellas, ladies and gents sizes, 50c value at 39c. 300 fine umbrellas, ladies and gents sizes steel rod, good cloth, well made, 65, 75, 85c value; at 48c.

HOSIERY SALE: 500 Pairs Boys, Misses and Children's ribbed hose, all seamless, double heel and toe, sizes 5 to 9½, 15c value at 10c. 300 pairs ladidies fine drop stitched and lace effect hose 30c value at 25c.

GREAT RIBBON SALE: 10,000 yards fine all silk taffeta ribbons, all widths and colors at greatly reduced prices.

Great reduction in our Millinery Department. All summer goods sold at half price. See our new style in ladies felt hats.

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Greensboro Pressing Club

W. N. HINTON, Mgr.

THE CHATHAM TROUBLE.

Defeated Fusionists, Led by J. J. Jenkins, a Defeated Candidate, Burn the Ballots.

News and Observer.

Congressman Atwater was in the city yesterday. He says Chatham has certainly gone Democratic by a small majority—probably from 50 to 100.

There was in his precinct, Williams' Mill township, what amounted to a riot, and came near resulting in burning and bloodshed.

Mr. Thomas Horton, chairman of the Democratic township committee, and Mr. L. F. Williams, one of the poll-holders, who were also in Raleigh yesterday, gave the News and Observer the following facts in regard to the trouble:

On Thursday of last week the Democrats learned, both by a letter that came into their hands and from one whom the Fusionists trusted, that a plot had been made to capture the ballot boxes and registration books at the close of the polls, in case it was found that the Fusionists had lost this precinct, Williams' Mill township being regarded as the one on which the result of the election in the county hinged.

In proof of this, Claude Pearson, the local Fusion manager, and J. J. Jenking, was who defeated by Mr. Atwater for Congress, several times visited the township and held consultations with the Fusion leaders. It was believed generally that they had advised violence in case fair means failed them in carrying the election.

The Democrats were therefore prepared for trouble and expecting it. But the day went along quietly enough, and the voting proceeded peaceably and without interruption until about an hour before sundown. Then the Fusionists, almost to a man, began to leave the voting place, after a consultation with Jenkins, who had come there and called them aside for a caucus.

Most of the Democrats, believing that all danger of trouble, if any had existed, was at an end, now also left for their homes. When they had gone the Fusionists began to return in great numbers, and armed.

Cursing and threatening to burn the building and do other acts of violence they rushed into the polling place and demanded that they be allowed to assist in the count.

"We decline to permit this" said Mr. Williams, who was one of the pollholders, "and their language became more abusive and the disorder greater. They were heard a mile away. We tried to count the vote but could do little at it, so great was the noise and confusion. They were calling us vile names and threatening to burn down the house unless we permitted them to come in and help count. Finally the disorder became so great and the threats against us so bitter that we decided to give it up the effort to count the vote.

In the the turmoil somebody poured out all the tickets on the floor, and they were so mixed that they never could be counted, and then a fusionist, the one that had been bitterest in his threats and denunciations, carried them ont and set fire to them, declaring that that was what they wanted to happen."

Both Mr. Williams and Mr. Horton say that the precinct was Democratic by from 50 to 75 majority. Many of the Fusion votes and nearly all the negro votes had been deposited in the wrong boxes and of course under the law, could not have been counted.

The registrar in this precinct was Mr. P. F. Carter, a very estimable citizen, and the poll-holders were Mr. L. F. Williams, one of the best men in the county, also Mr. Neal Johnson, a Poculist, and a nephew of Rev. Matthew T. Yates, the well known Baptist missionary to China.

Did Bob Have a String?

Raleigh Post.

Did young Mr. R. D. Douglas, of Guilford, have a string tied to the resignation of the position of director of the North Carolina Railroad which he sent to Governor Russell just before the election? If not he is a goner, sure, for he was badly left by the good Guilford people in the election. The young man held on to the string, no doubt.

By the way, did Mr Adams resign as secretary and treasurer of the same road? If not, and the fates should have been so cruel as to have permitted his election on Thursday, he would not have been able to take his seat. Possibly he was wiser than this, and knowing that defeat was certain, he held on to the $2,000 job which his clerk runs.

UP IN THE "MOUNTINGS."

Republicans Elect County Ticket in Buncombe—Many of the Mountain Counties Against the Amendment.

Asheville Special to Charlotte Observer.

Buncombe gives the State ticket about 800 and the amendment 700. The county ticket is from 550 to 1,000 Republican. The judge at Flat Creek put the Republican State and legislative tickets in the wrong box. If counted the Republican majority in the precinct will be 117. If not the Democratic majority from these boxes will be 99. The Democrats prefer to count the tickets, but regard the law as mandatory that they shall not.

Graham goes Republican, also Cherokee and Swain by 300 each. Jackson is solidly Democratic by 100 to 250. Transylvania is 100 Democratic and Clay is supposed to be Democratic. Mason gives 60 majority against the amendment, 20 against the State, 10 against the legislative ticket, 40 against Senator. The result in Haywood is not determined, but it is probable now that part of the regular Democratic ticket is elected. Joe Collins, insurgent candidate for the Legislature, has 23 majority with one precinct to hear from. Collins will vote for the Democratic caucus nominees. Haywood gives the senatorial ticket 380 to 490 majority, Buncombe 50. The Republicans in Madison are trying now to beat Stringfield for the Senate by sending in big returns With two precincts to hear from Madison indicates a majority of 1,200 against Stringfield. This puts him in grave doubt and gives Gudger only a slight majority. It is believed that returns from certain Madison precincts have been padded to suit the case. Gudger has gone to Marshall. There is an indicated majority of 1,450 against the amendment in Madison. There is no report from Yancey. Haywood gives 200 against the amendment. Judge Henry B. Stevens says he is elected by a good majority. Caldwell is reported to be about a tie. The Republicans easily elect Senators in the thirty-fourth and thirty-fifth districts. Henderson is Republican by 300.

On next Thursday evening the Sunday schools of West Market, Centenary and Grace Churches will give a lawn party on the Eckel lawn. The cream will be furnished by Dughi, of Raleigh, whose reputation as a caterer insures the excellence of all that may be furnished.

Millions will be spent in politics this year. We can't keep the campaign going without money any more than we can keep the body vigorous without food. Dyspeptics use to starve themselves. Now Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests what you eat and allows you to eat all the good food you want. It radically cures stomach troubles. Howard Gardner. Aug.

1838 1900

GREENSBORO FEMALE COLLEGE

NORTH CAROLINA.

Fall Term Begins September 12th, 1900.

CATALOGUE ON APPLICATION.

DRED PEACOCK, Pres.

SCAVENGER SERVICE.

Clean work. Respectful attention. Cheap rates. Complaints of patrons cheerfully and promptly considered. Send order by postal card to

SANITARY DEPARTMENT,
A.& M. COLLEGE.

HAVE YOUR PRESCRIPTIONS COMPOUNDED

Where only licensed men are allowed to handle Drugs.

CRISSOM & FORDHAM,

Prescription Druggists.

☞Agents Kern's Fine Candies.

THREE BARBERS!

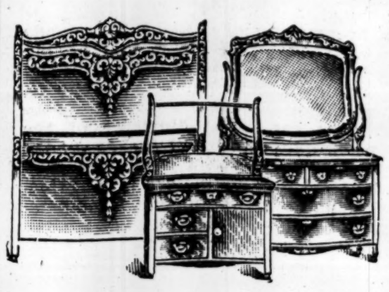
WHERE?

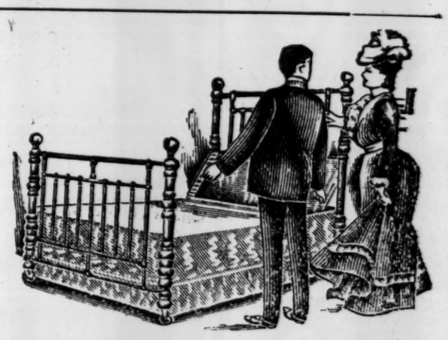
W. & N. Shop, S. L. & T. Building.

Ladies' hair dressing at residences.

C. O. Forbis

The Only Exclusive Furniture Dealer.

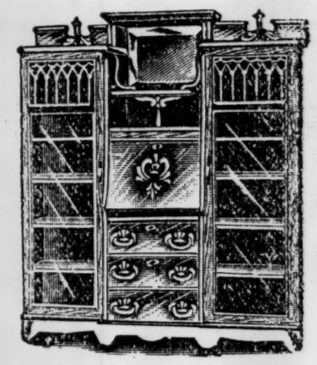




In order to accommodate the numerous customers that crowd this busy store every day, I have found it necessary to rent more room and double my stock, which gives you the finest and one of the largest stocks of everything in the latest styles and most artistic designs, such as fine bedroom suits of all kinds and styles, fancy rockers in reed, mahogany, oak and bird's eye maple from 50c to $20.00. Sideboards, dining tables, dining chairs, cane, cobler and upholstered seats, ladies combination desk and book case, ladies dressing tables, large line of folding beds, chiffoniers, china closets, leather couches, Davenport's parlor tables, hall racks, the best brass trimmed white enameled beds and felt mattress on earth for the money. Pictures, screens, easels, children's carriages, go-carts, fine parlor suits, odd parlor pieces, Morris chairs of all kinds and prices.

In fact everything that can be thought of that will beautify home and make life easy.

Claim no competition. Get prices and be convinced that you save money.



C. O. Forbis

120 E Market St., Just below P. O., next to S. L. & T. Co.

The Head of the House

has many responsibilities resting upon him, and among those of a serious character is the health of the family. Those who understand the laws of hygiene know that sewer gas from defective pipes, and dangerous conditions arising from imperfect drainage and sewerage, breed disease, and every house should be fitted up with sanitary plumbing. We are experts in this line.

J. R. RICH & SON

(Successors to ODELL HARDWARE CO. in Plumbing, Gas and Steam Fitting.)

327 SOUTH ELM STREET.

50,000 Celery Plants

Giant Paschal, Golden Self-Blanching, White and Pink Plume. The Giant Paschal is the best variety for this section, as it is the best grower and stands drouth better. Strong transplanted plants 40c per hundred; $3 per thousand. Plants from seed beds, 20c per hundred; $1 50 per thousand. Now ready for delivery.

J. Van Lindley Nursery Co.

Pomona, N. C. (Near Greensboro)

Long Distance Phone 60

FREE BLOOD CURE.

An offer proving faith to sufferers Is your blood pure? Are you sure of it? Do cuts or scratches heal slowly? Does your skin itch or burn? Have you pimples? Eruptions? Aching Bones or Back? Eczema? Old sores? Boils? Scrofula? Rheumatism? Foul breath? Catarrh? Are you pale? If so purify your blood at once by taking Botanic Blood Balm, B. B. B. It makes the blood pure and rich, heals every sore and gives a clear smooth, healthy skin. Deep-seated cases like ulcers, cancer, eating sores, painful swellings, blood poison are quickly cured by Botanic Blood Balm, B. B. B., made especially for all obstinate blood and skin troubles. Give it a trial. It cures when all else fails. Thoroughly tested for 20 years. Sold at drug stores with directions for home treatment at $1 per large bottle. So sufferers may test it, a trial bottle given absolutely free. Write for it. Address Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga. Describe trouble, and free medical advice given. Don't hesitate, but write at once. Help is at hand as Blood Balm cures quickly and permanently. Over 3000 voluntary testimonials of cures by using B. B. B.

j14 eod 1w

The lawn party of the season will be given on the Eckel lawn next Thursday evening by a number of the Sunday schools of the city. It will be on a big scale, and every effort will be made to have everything of the best. All are invited.

WANTED

Operatives for New England Cotton Mills.

HIGH WAGES, SHORT HOURS.
58 to 60 hours labor.

Weavers $8.00 to $10.00.
Speeder Tenders $7.00 to $9.00.
Others in Proportion.

Apply to E. B.,
Postoffice Box 850.
Providence, R. I.

VOLCANIC ERUPTIONS

Are grand, but skin Eruptions rob life of joy. Bucklen's Arnica Salve, cures them; old running and fever sores, ulcers, boils, felons, corns, warts, cuts, bruises, burns, scalds, chapped hands, chilblains. Best pile cure on earth. Drives out pains and aches. Only 25 cents a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by C. E. Holton, druggist.

HUNT YOUR CLOTHES

and send them to the High Point Steam Laundry, where they will be laundried as white as the driven snow Do not send your work off but patronize a home industry. We guarantee satisfaction. Our wagon will call for and deliver your work promptly.

HIGH POINT STEAM LAUNDRY,

Welch Bros, next to J. W. Sechrest's Undertaking Establishment. jul 13-1mo.

You will never find any other pills so prompt and so pleasant as DeWitt's Little Early Risers. Howard Gardner. Aug.

LADIES DO YOU KNOW

DR. FELIX LE BRUN'S

STEEL AND PENNYROYAL PILLS

are the original and only FRENCH, safe and reliable cure on the market. Price $1.00; sent by mail. Genuine sold only by

Sold only by

Jno. B. Fariss,

Druggist 121 S. Elm St.

COKE DANDRUFF CURE

Cures Dandruff, Falling Hair, Brittle Hair and all Scalp Troubles, such as Itching, Eczema, Eruptions, etc Purely Vegetable, harmless and reliable.

Cure Guaranteed

even after all other remedies have failed, or money refunded.

A CHICAGO MAN WRITES:

6861 Parnell Ave., Chicago, May 15, 1899.
I used "Coke Dandruff Cure" for baldness and after two weeks using the hair began to grow. Inside of six weeks my head was covered with hair. Also cured my daughter of the worst case of dandruff imaginable.
L. ED. KORTE.

For Sale by all Druggists and Barbers. Treatise on Hair and Scalp Troubles free on request.

A. R. BREMER CO., - Chicago.

FOR SALE BY

JOHN B. FARISS.

Druggist, 121 South Elm street.

Greensboro Telegram.

—BY—

The Greensboro Publishing Company.

Directors of the Company: C. G. Wright, President; J. Van Lindley, Vice-President; J. S. Hunter, E. J Stafford. J. W. Scott. Chas. H. Ireland, A. W. McAlister, W. L Grissom, R. W. Brooks, Lee H. Battle, W. C. Blum, J. W. Fry, J. M. Hendrix, J. M. Walker.

R. F. BEASLEY, Editor and Manager.

Subscription price: $4.00 per year; $1.00 per quarter; 35c per month: 10c per week.
OFFICE—111 South Elm Street —First door south of the government building.

W. I. UNDERWOOD, City Editor.

SATURDAY AUGUST 4, 1900.

TWELVE PAGES.

WILL FREEDOM COME?

"We are hoping" says the Biblical Recorder, "that ten thousand readers of this paper are saying this week that there shall be no more unbrotherly partizan hate in North Carolina, no more red-shirts, no more intolerance, no more intimidation. The people may stand hereafter for principles of world importance, instead of dividing bitterly over the race issue. Office seekers must come to the front on their merits after this. We shall have fair election laws, and honorable dealing on every hand. We are passing the long period of one issue, and coming into another of many and great ones."

There is a world of truth in this utterance from the thoughtful editor of the Recorder. We long to see the day--and it is dawning—when the heel of the politician will be taken from the neck of the people, when the man who proposes to act for the good of his fellows instead of for the good of a little ring of city hall, county courthouse, or state house politicians, will not be smothered by the admonition that the party will be hurt.

There are Republicans who sincerely believe that the passage of the amendment will have the effect of creating and maintaining a political machine. We have no fears of this. Machine politics and bossism got a severe blow in the very vote which established the amendment, and we believe now that the people of North Carolina would be as slow to tolerate a Democratic machine as a fusion one. There is today much more free thinking in North Carolina that most people think, and the magic cords of party will no longer bind as they have heretofore. What do we argue from this? That North Carolina is going Republican, or independent, or mugwump? Not at all. We simply argue, that now there is no danger of its going Democratic unless that party is most worthy. There was danger before. After beginning this article we have noticed in this morning's Charlotte Observer the following paragraph:

We are to have honest, safe and economical government; we are to become an educated people; we are to be a free people; saying and writing what we think for the first time in forty years. The adoption of the amendment was the best thing possible for the negroes as well as the white people, and time will justify the wisdom of the measure.

Time will not justify it if morality, education and industry are continued to be cried down at the dictation of politicians. But it will not be. If the politician would lead hereafter he must lead in the right direction. That is all we contend for.

IT IS INSTINCTIVE HATRED.

Our excellent semi-weekly contemporary, the Statesville Landmark, often sums up the truth of the matter in such complete shape as to preclude improvement upon its utterance. For instance, here is what everybody is thinking of Butler:

We do not think that a man ever lived in the State who was so cordially hated by so large a number of people, and deservedly so, as Senator Butler. This hatred is not partisan feeling. It is far deeper than that and more lasting. There are plenty of Republican and Populist politicians in the State who, while their politics are not liked, are fairly popular men in their respective communities and who, aside from politics, are regarded according to their merits, just as other men. But it is not so with Butler. There is for him a deep, undying hatred. There is something in his very appearance that stirs men's blood and puts the devil into them. It has been reported that he will leave North Carolina at the expiration of his term in the Senate. We hope he will. He is too mean a man to live in the State.

This is true. It is, we verily believe, the instinctive hatred that all honest men have for the inate sneak, for pure and simple meanness. The Landmark is right; it is not party feeling. All men who know this creature despise him.

GRASSHOPPER GLACIER.

Icy Tomb of Thousands of the Long-legged Insects.

There are many remarkable glaciers in that part of the Rocky Mountain uplift that crosses the southern border of Montana. A part of this region has hitherto been unmapped and its more elevated portions were unvisited and unnamed until last summer, when a geographical party piloted the way up the mountains and discovered some of the largest glaciers in the temperate regions of the western world. Here rises Granite Peak which, according to Mr. Gannett is the culminating point of Montana, 12,824 feet high.

Among the glaciers found in these mountains and recently described by James P. Kimball is Grasshopper Glacier, which derives its name from the enormous quantity of grasshopper remains that are found on and in the glacier. Periodically the grasshoppers that thrive in the prairie to the north take their flight southward and must needs cross the mountains. Their favorite route seems to be across this wide glacier, and in the passage scores of them succumb to the rigor of cold and wind, fall helpless upon the snow and are finally entombed in the ice. In the course of time billions of them have been the victims of this glacier. They are, of course, carried by the ice river down into the valley and deposited at the melting edge of the ice, and Mr. Kimball says that thousands of tons of grasshopper remains are the principal material at the lower edge of the glacier. We hear very often of rocks and sand as forming the terminal moraine of glaciers, but here is a glacier whose principal morainal material is grasshoppers.

These insect remains are washed out of the ice in furrows wherever the sun's heat has grooved the surface into runlets of descending water. The grasshopper's permeate the glacier from top to bottom. No fragment of ice can be broken so small as not to contain remains. Most of the insects have been reduced to a coarse powder, and the furrows of them washed out by the runlets and naturally disposed in parallel lines are very dark in color. —Omaha Bee.

MADE FROM DREAMS.

Inventors Can Tell of Some Strange Experiences.

"It is remarkable how ideas of an inventive nature occur to one," remarked Henry Hollingsworth, a Cleveland inventor. "Frequently when engaged upon problems in mechanics I have gone to bed and dreamed what seemed to be a perfect solution of that which had been uppermost in my mind during the day. But the trouble is that upon awaking, while recollecting perfectly that I had dreamed the solution, it was impossible to recall the details necessary to a practical application of my idea. You know, it is said of the automatic car coupler, of the double-jaw type, that the originator of the idea was a telegraph operator, who, while leaning back in his chair with his hands clasped behind his head dozing, was brought to his senses by the blowing of a locomotive whistle. That noise served as a connecting link for his thoughts. With his hands still clasped, sailor fashion, he slowly brought them around in front of him, and wondered why the cars of that train could not be connected with one another in the same way his hands were hooked together. As a result of this curiously suggested idea we have the almost universally used car coupler, the two jaws of which fit into each other and clasp after the manner of the human hands.

"There is a Western inventor who tells of dreaming of railroad spikes one night last summer. He saw around him nothing but spikes, hundreds and thousands of them, and tons and tons piled up in front of him. But these spikes differed from any other he had ever seen in that the four faces were grooved. He thought about those spikes when he woke up, and next night saw more spikes than ever in his dream. Then he became convinced that those spikes were intended as the foundation for the fortune that he had been striving for. As a result the Western man has applied for a patent upon the invention, which it is claimed effects a saving of 20 per cent, in the steel used, and makes a cheaper and better means of holding the rail to the tie than heretofore employed."—Washington Post.

Whenever a girl tells a young man that her dress is made of material that doesn't rumple, that should be enough.

Superheated Steam for Train Robbers.

Every locomotive that is built in the west nowadays has the new anti-bandit attachment.

On all the new engines of the D. and R. G. Railway are iron pipes extending along the roof of the cab and connecting with the boiler. Through these pipes and without making a perceptible motion either the engineer or fireman can send, under 200 pounds pressure a jet of steam and boiling water, that would effectually cook any thing living that happened to be on the tender or the front end of the baggage car. The diameter of the pipe is one and a half inches, and a single second would drop any man who tried to stand before it in action.

Steam leaves the pipe at a temperature of about 750 degrees, hot enough to have the toughest of outlaws cooked by the time the train could be brought to a standstill. It will quell the ardor of these gentlemen who make a specialty of holding up engineers from the tender.

Tramps are fighting shy of this railroad.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Fresh from the farm in the morning :

Tender Corn
Lima Beans
Snap Beans
Large Tomatoes
Cucumbers
Cabbage
Okra
Beets

Henry Hunter
Phone 41.

New Turnip Seed

We have just received a new supply of all the leading varieties. If you want fresh, reliable seed, buy of us.

Howard Gardner,
Druggist
Cor. Opp. Postoffice.

One-Cent-a-Word.

[Advertisements inserted in this column at one cent per word for each insertion.]

GOOD secondhand carriage, cheap at Townsend's.

BEST wheat drills on the market are sold by Townsend.

FOR SALE—One excellent family horse, harness and phaeton. Apply to Mrs. Cam Witherspoon, 322 Asheboro street. 2t

HEADQUARTERS for Welsbach and incandescents. There is no need of sending away when you want chimney or mantels by the dozen. We have them of a better grade and will sell just as cheap by the dozen as any other firm. Yours for business, Gate City Supply Co.

EASTMAN'S kodaks and supplies sold by John B. Fariss. Druggist. n4-tf.

FOR rent, offices opprosite court house on North Elm street. Apply to C. G. Wright. a5-t

KODAKS $5.00 to $25.00. All kinds of supplies. John B. Fariss, Druggist. n4-tf.

Next Thursday

will be a pivotal day. Keep your head easy, brain clear and liver in healthy condition with Kadok and Vicks Liver Pills. Vote carefully. All first-class Drug stores.

Southern Loan and Trust Company

Offer special bargain in improved Real Estate: Two modern up-to-date residences on Gorrell Street (near corner of Asheboro street) contains 8 rooms with all conveniences including range hot water boiler, closet and bath.

Rents for $20.00 per month. Price only $2100. each

We will make terms to suit purchaser.

Southern Stock-Mutual Insurance Co. and Underwriters of Greensboro.

Combined Assets, - $254,818.87.

The only Insurance Companies in North Carolina that divide their Profits with the Policy Holders. $29,785.06 returned as Dividends to Policy Holers in Five Years. When you in insure call for these Greensboro Companies

WHARTON, McALISTER & VAUGHN, Managers.

O. W. Carr & Co.,
Murray Bros,
D. C. Waddell
Wharton, McAlister & Vaughn

Agents in Greensboro.

Statement of Condition

THE CITY NATIONAL BANK,

of Greensboro, North Carolina,

AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS JUNE 29th. CONDENSED FROM REPORT TO COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY.

RESOURCES:		LIABILITIES:	
Loans and Discounts	$308,202 34	Carital Stock	$100,0 0.00
Overdrafts (secured and uns'c'd)	1,801 20	Surplus and Profits, net	15,986.84
U S Bonds and Premiums	160,0 5.99	Circulation	100,000 00
Banking house, furn., and fixtures	8,000.00	Bills payable	55,000 00
Revenue Stamps	310.83	Deposits	270,864.29
Cash on hand and in banks	63,470.77		
Total	$54 ,851,13	Total	$541,851.13

COMPARATIVE STATEMENT:

Deposits June 29, 1899	$205,000.00	Deposits. June 29 h, 1900	$270,860.00
Profits " "	5.400.00	Profits " "	15,986 00

Next to the Consumer

is where we stand in the lumber business. At the kicking post, as it were, in regard to prices.

First comes the owner of the timber. He just woke up to the value of it and wants double last year's prices. Then the sawmill man. He has not been making a fortune and thinks now he should share a little in the general prosperity

They say to us: "We must have so much for our trees and work." After a while it is "up to you." Don't kick. You don't suppose we have nerve enough to put up prices unless they had first been put up on us. No, indeed. But prices are NOT high. They have been to low and are just now getting reasonable. Your children will be glad to build at double the price it now costs you. It is a trite, but true saying, if you want to build, "Now is the time."

And ours is the place to get the stuff.

GREENSBORO LUMBER CO.

RESTAURANT

I have bought the business of Johnson & York and will serve meals at all hours, to white people only. Lodging 25 cents. All kinds of refreshments and confectionery and will also carry a nice line of cigars and tobacco.

I. F. West,

511 South Elm Street, next door to Hudson's.

The Rees & Bond Signs

Engravings and Pictures.

Always in the Lead.

Mothers endorse it, children like it, old folks use it. We refer to One Minute Cough Cure. It will quickly cure all throat and lung troubles. Howard Gardner. Aug.

The choices grain harvested isn't any too good for our customers, as our oldest patrons will certify. The horse fed not to repletion, but to satisfaction, will do the best work in the long run. Dont stint the quantity or quality of feed for your stock. You can't work on an empty stomach—why should you expect your horse to do so?

BOYCOTT'S FEED STORE.

HICK'S ... CAPUDINE

Cures Headache. No Bad Effect. At all druggists.

The Penn Mutual Life

A purely mutnal company. Conducted solely for members by members. The Greatest Dividend-Paying ability. Unequalled security.

Best, safest and most liberal Company for the assured. All approved contracts issued.

Murray Bros., Special Agents

GREENSBORO, N. C.

AFTER THE ELECTION.

The Names of a Few People Who Are Traveling From Place to Place.

Dr. R. L. Moore returned yesterday evening from Reidsville.

Mr. George Fitzsimmons, of Charlotte, spent the day here.

Mr. Norman Staples left this afternoon on his return to New York.

Miss Ruth Gold, of Wilson, a sister of Mr. P. D. Gold, is visiting in the city.

Misses Annie Fariss and Charlotte Gorrell have returned from a visit to Winston.

Miss Mary Balsley, of Reidsville, arrived yesterday evening on a visit to relatives.

General Passenger Agent Turk, of the Southern Railway, took breakfast at the Guilford

Mr. and Mrs. W A. Devin arrived from Oxford at noon on a visit to the latter's parents.

Mr. Wescott Roberson came down from High Point at noon and went to Mt. Vernon Springs.

Miss Ella Farish, of Ruffin, who has been visiting in the city, returned home this morning.

Hon. R. B. Glenn came down from Winston yesterday evening and left last night for New York.

Mr. and Mrs Will Walker returned to Reidsville last night after a short visit at Mr. G. W. Denny's.

Mr. C. B. Wilkerson left at noon for Clemmonsville to spend Sunday with his wife, who is visiting there.

Mr. C. P. Sellars left this afternoon for Clinton, where he will represent the American Tobacco Company.

Mr. Caesar Cone and family, accompanied by several friends, left this morning for Green Park to spend a while.

Rev. J. Q. Adams, of Reidsville, was here today on his way to Laurinburg, where he goes to conduct a meeting.

Messrs. F. C. Boyles and R. T. Wills left this morning for the eastern part of the State to spend a short vacation.

Misses Vann and Lassiter, of Wake Forest, spent last night at the Allen House, leaving this morning for Denver, Col.

Mr. P D. Gold will leave tomorrow for Washington, N. C., where he will join a yachting party and spend ten days at Ocracoke and Nag's Head.

Misses Mary Trotter and Nannie Smith and Messrs. Charles E. Brower, T. A. Glascock and W. L. Trotter have gone to Piedmont Springs to spend a few days.

CHURCH SERVICES.

Where the Word Will be Preached in Greensboro Tomorrow.

There will be the usual services at the Westminister church tomorrow. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday School at 9:45 a. m. Westminster Leauge at 6:30 p. m.

Morning prayer, sermon and holy communion at St. Andrew's Episcopal church tomorrow morning, and evening prayer and sermon at 8 p. m. Rev. J. D. Miller, the rector, will preach at both services. Sunday school at 9:45 a. m.

Rev. Father Anthony, rector, will conduct high mass and preach at St. Benedict's Catholich church at 9:30 a. m. Sunday school at 11 o'clock. Vespers and benediction of the blessed sacrament at 8 p. m. Sermon on "The Gospel of the Sunday."

Holy communion and sermon by Rev. Horace Weeks Jores at St. Cuthbert's chapel at 11 o'clock in the morning.

The pastor will preach at Centenary Methodist church at 11 a. m. There will be no service in the evening. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.

The congregation of the Christian church will conduct services in the Friends church at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

The pastor will preach at West Washington Street Baptist church tomorrow morning on "The Victor and the Spoils." At night his subject will be "An Ever Present Friend."

Rev. T. A. Smoot, of Greensboro Female College, will preach at the First Presbyterian church tomorrow morning. There will be no service in the evening.

The pastor will preach at Grace Methodist Protestant church in the morning at 11 o'clock. There will be no evening service. Sunday school will at 9:45 a. m.

TRAITS OF CHARACTER.

The Tendency of All People to Follow Ancestral Lines.

London Spectator.

We wonder, from an acute interest in history, whether the character of any nationality strong enough to have one has ever changed. It is a most perplexing question. On the one hand, the people who are best known, and who have kept themselves most secluded from the world—the French—have scarely changed at all. They are the Gauls as Caesar knew them. Our people, too, are in all essentials very like the Saxons, though more receptive, as men become when they are educated and prosperous in life. We seem to see, also, that the Greeks of today are very like the Greeks of the time of Pericles, though the extinction of the aristocracy of Attica, with its perfectly separate intellecual powers and the perception of the beautiful, such as has never been granted to others of the sons of men, confuses and blurs the vision. On the other hand, it is difficult to discern the fierce energy of the Norsemen, who conquered Western France, and Britain, and Sicily, and Constantinople, and probably Russia, either in the sentimental Scandinavians or the solid German of the Baltic shore.

And there are keen observers who maintain—the late Mr. Mutton was one of them—that the Jew is a radically changed man, having become from the least impressionable of mankind the one who takes most readily the impress of those among whom he dwells. For ourselves we doubt that opinion, perceiving all through Jewish history a tendency in the people to be unduly impressed by foreign feelings, first by the Syrians, then by the Babylonians, then by the Greeks, and now by all the nations of the world, yet retaining amidst it all the deep and separate stamp which divides them from mankind.

On the whole as he looks at the facts and remembers how completely some faces have been swept away or absorbed by their inferiors—the Roman patrician, for example, and the brilliant slaveholders of Attica—we incline to the belief that wherever the blood is tolerably pure national character is nearly unchangeable, the belief that it alters arising, like the Boer belief in British cowardice, from a misreading of temporary circumstances.

There is an exception when religious belief has changed, Christianity, Mohammedanism, and even Protestantism modifying the very roots of character, so that Saul develops into Paul, and pagan pirates throw up saints and scholars; but nothing else much effects a race which is not crossed. Study a little the Boer families which came from the Huguenots, or the Dutch families of New York, and you will, we think, be convinced no external pressure, however sharp or continuous, ever quite eradicates national character, and the English have for centuries been subjected to no pressure at all. They have been coddled into softness, you say; but read any true history of the suppression of the Indian mutiny or of the present war and you will reconsider that opinion. Iron can be hardened, and polished, and melted, and wrought, but when all is done it remains iron, and neither becomes putty nor gold.

SORES AND ULCERS.

Sores and Ulcers never become chronic unless the blood is in poor condition—is sluggish, weak and unable to throw off the poisons that accumulate in it. The system must be relieved of the unhealthy matter through the sore, and great danger to life would follow should it heal before the blood has been made pure and healthy and all impurities eliminated from the system. S.S.S. begins the cure by first cleansing and invigorating the blood, building up the general health and removing from the system all morbid, effete matter. **A CONSTANT DRAIN UPON THE SYSTEM.** When this has been accomplished the discharge gradually ceases, and the sore or ulcer heals. It is the tendency of these old indolent sores to grow worse and worse, and eventually to destroy the bones. Local applications, while soothing and to some extent alleviate pain, cannot reach the seat of the trouble. S. S. S. does, and no matter how apparently hopeless your condition, even though your constitution has broken down, it will bring relief when nothing else can. It supplies the rich, pure blood necessary to heal the sore and nourish the debilitated, diseased body.

Mr. J. B. Talbert, Lock Box 245, Winona, Miss., says: "Six years ago my leg from the knee to the foot was one solid sore. Several physicians treated me and I made two trips to Hot Springs, but found no relief. I was induced to try S. S. S., and it made a complete cure. I have been a perfectly well man ever since."

SSS is the only purely vegetable blood purifier known—contains no poisonous minerals to ruin the digestion and add to, rather than relieve your sufferings. If your flesh does not heal readily when scratched, bruised or cut, your blood is in bad condition, and any ordinary sore is apt to become chronic.

Send for our free book and write our physicians about your case. We make no charge for this service.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

MURDER IN NORFOLK.

The Assistant Chief of Police Brutally Slays the State Oyster Inspector.

Norfolk, Aug. 3.—Charles J. Cannon, State oyster inspector for this district, was shot and killed on the street by First Assistant Chief of Police M. H. Prince, shortly before noon, today. No cause for the deed is assigned by Captain Prince, or his friends, and the killing is a mystery. The two men were thought to be the closest of friends both socially and politically, Mr. Cannon having been one of Prince's chief workers in the latter's canvass for the position of chief of police.

Captain Prince and Cannon met on Main street between the custom house and the Citizen's Bank building, about 11:30 this morning. The former placed his arm about Mr. Cannon's shoulders and the two walked to the side of the postoffice, some 30 feet, where they stood several minutes. Without any apparent cause, Capt. Prince suddenly drew a revolver and fired upon Mr Cannon five times, thrice after he fell. After firing the fourth shot, Capt. Prince walked several feet from Mr. Cannon's prostrate body, and then turning quickly went back and placed the last bullet in his revolver in Cannon's head. He surrendered himself to a police officer and walked to police headquarters. Cannon died almost instantly. Cannon leaves a wife and five children.

A Search to be Made for Anarchists in New Jersey.

Trenton, N. J., Aug. 3—Governor Voorhees admitted today at his home, in Elizabeth, N. J., that steps had been taken to investigate the allegations that the plot to kill King Humbert and other monarchs had been hatched in New Jersey.

If the evidence can be procured, and there are still some of those concerned living in the State, they will be prosecuted. The investigation is not complete and will probably not be until information from Italy enables it to be conducted minutely.

Grand Reed, colored, was hanged at Madison Court House, Va., yesterday. His crime was a double one—the murder of his wife and her father.

Guess Greensboro's Population

Everybody is curious to know what the census just completed will show Greensboro's population to be. The Telegram will give a year's subscription to the person who makes the nearest guess, and six months subscription to the second nearest guesser. Cut out this coupon, fill it out, and send it in:

I guess Greensboro's population to be_____

Name_____

Street_____

Date_____

TRINITY COLLEGE

Offers undergraduate and graduate courses. Large number of electives. Eight scientific laboraties, equipped with modern and advanced apparatus. Large additions to library. Complete gymnasium. Expenses low. Fifty scholarships to be awarded $50,000 spent in improvements the past year. Send for catalogue.

PRESIDENT KILGO,
Durham N. C.

The University of North Carolina

The head of the state's educational system.

Three academic courses leading to Degrees. Professional courses in law, medicine and pharmacy. Summer school for teachers.

Tuition $60. Scholarships and loans to needy. Free tuiton to candidates for the Ministry, Minister's sons and teachers.

512 students besides 161 in summer school. 38 teachers in the faculty.

F. P. VENABLE, PRES.,
Chapel Hill, N. C.

I Have Thrown Away 50c

By Trading Before Coming Here.

Wish I Had Come Here First!

This is heard almost every day in our store from shoppers after looking through our bargains. Now are you going to do the same thing? Unless you have more money than you know what to do with it is a duty you owe yourself and family to spend your dollar where it is most powerful. A few minutes of your time and attention we will prove to you beyond a doubt that we sell reliable goods cheaper than anybody.

Not only are all the seasonable articles here, but just now exceptional low prices rule. Part of the story is told below:

12½c percals at.....5c	5c barred dimities at.....2½c
10c dimities at.....5c	SILKS—Those lovely foulards to be closed out at.....75c
10c ginghams.....5c	50c wash silks at.....35c per yard
15c dimities at.....8⅓c	A job of silks worth from 75 to $1 to go at 50c. Big cut in all summer silks
18c piques at.....10c	4 pieces of dress novelties, worth 50c to go at.....30c
35c piques at.....20c	
10c piques at.....5c	
5c lawns at.....2½c	

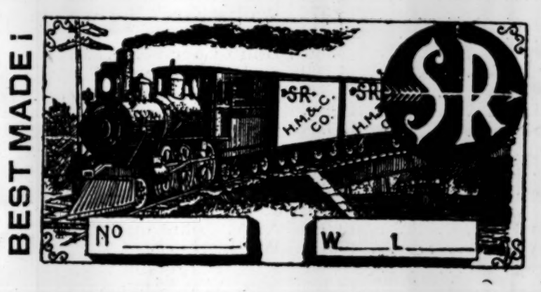
Big cut in all summer shoes and clothing. Largeest stock of bleaching. Long cloths, nainsooks, persian lawns and linens to be found in North Carolina, and at astonishingly low prices. Come and see what we have for you. Money in it.

Harry - Belk Bros. Co.

CHEAPEST STORE ON EARTH.

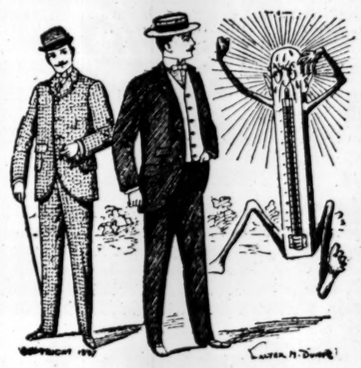
Phone 130.

Wear HUNTER Overalls!



Large roomy pants and full-length coats.

Will H. Matthews & Co.



YOU DON'T FRIGHTEN WORTH A CENT

when a raging, rampant, red hot thermometer threatens you, if your linen has been done up at Dick's Laundry. We know how to launder your linen to stand July weather so that you will look neat and comfortable regardless of the heat. Try our domestic finish. It is the latest thing out. It saves wear and tear of your linen. It is all the go in the fashionable world.

Watch for the green wagons.

Greensboro Steam Laundry

Jno. M. Dick, Proprietor.
E A. Miller, Manager.

The Reputation

of a store, like that of a man is no small part of its capital. Honesty is an asset which we believe our customers appreciate at its full value. Our prescription work is the best that science, experience and money can produce.

Holton's Drug Store

McAdoo House Building.

DR. J. S. BETTS, DENTIST,

Office opp. Hotel Guilford.

HICKS' CAPUDINE Headache Cure

HAS NO BAD EFFECTS.

Read:

September 11th, 1899.

THE HICKS CHEMICAL CO.,
RALEIGH, N. C.:

Dear Sirs:—Please express to my mother, Mrs. Alice Hawkins, corner Park Avenue and Calvert streets, Norfolk, one (largest) bottle of HICK'S CAPUDINE. She finds it the best remedy for nervous headache she can get. It affords immediate relief without any unpleasant after effects.

J. H. HAWKINS,
Representing Winkleman & Brown Drug Co.

Sold in Greensboro by

GRISSOM & FORDHAM AND FARISS' DRUGSTORE.

and all well-stocked drugstores everywhere.

AMUSEMENT IS UNDIMINISHED.

GUESSING IS FAST AND FURIOUS.

Many Guesses are Now Coming in From Out of Town---Some of Them Are Very Large and Some Are Very Small, But People are Certainly Most Interested in Knowing How Many People Are in Greensboro.

The guess as to Greensboro's population continue to come in rapidly, many of them coming from parties out of town. Everybody is invited to take a whack at it. We are asked nearly every day when the population figures will be known. This we do not know, but the authorities have promised to notify us the very moment they are at liberty to give them out. Send on the guesses. The contest will continue till other notice is given.

L. G. Beall.....12,387
H. H. McLamb.....17,777
J. C. Williams.....16,309
Mrs. G. T. McLamb.....2',113
G. T. McLamb.....14.099
A. B. Sapp, High Point.....11,666
W. I Montgomery.....16,000
W. B. Truitt.....14,023
Mrs Cameron Witherspoon.....14,398
Miss Sarah Witherspoon.....16,592
Thornwell Witherspoon.....15,876
Cameron Witherspoon.....15,547
John Forbis.....11,468
Judge John Gray Bynum.....11.229
W. C. England.....11,343
R. T. Price.....15,300
A. C. Boon, Gibsonville.....11,336
C. E Holton..... 8989
W. A. Allred.....11,375
W. B Hudson.....17,500
S. G. Blaylock.....15,157
Nessie Myrick.....15,950
Sallie Boyd.....10,319
Miss Elma Brooks.....16,668
Miss Nellie Brooks.....18,165
Miss M. Embrey.....13,000
J. C. Kennett.....10,555
L. R. Macgill.....13,442
W. D Macgill.....15,572
R. E. Hunt.....17,842
M. L DeButts.....9,997
Miss Rosalie Turner.....14,899
Miss Sallie Embrey.....11,897
Dr. J. G. Brodnax.....12,265
Miss Gerta Rasche.....16,668
Robert Ballard.....17,732
W. C. Bain.....12,345
W. B. Hunt.....18,348
C. D. Thompson..... 9,500
D. V. MacLeond.....10,950
Mrs. Berta Boyd.....10,540
Miss Jessie Trogdon.....14,531
Lee Ralls.....16,103
Ernest Pugh.....11,643
J. S. Gant, Stokesdale.....15,294
Ernest Lewis.....16,573
Ernest Alderman.....13,466
J. I. Scales.....9,009
T. A. Lyon, Jr.....11,019
W. E. Blair.....11,057
J. M. Bailey.....11.313
T. E. McCrary.....10,867
J. T. Milliken.....14,629
Mrs. J. M. Bailey.....10.792
Mrs T. E. McCrary.....10,546
G. C. Smith.....10,731
J. Harper Merritt.....12,300
C. C. Johnson.....13,519
Cecil Lindley.....9,999
W. O White.....11,500
S. A. Kirkman.....13,264
W. A McKnight.....12,863
T. J. Pearson.....12,875
A. J. Dunn.....11,888
R. H. Wharton.....12,480
Hugh Smith.....12,798
R. J. Marks.....10,037
Miss Lizzie Brooks.....12,677
Miss Sallie Brooks.....10,550
B. E. Smith.....11,555
John A. Hodgin.....11,777
R. L. Stewart.....12,257
E. L. Armentrout.....11,937
C. E. Brower.....13,900
Mrs. L A. Golden.....12,590
Chas. Brockmann.....16 502
Mrs. Williams.....12,999
A. A. Hinkle.....14.998
T. G McLean.....18,527
Mrs. T. A. Lyon.....8,996
P. M. Waitt, Raleigh.....19,210
Mrs. Annie J. Vaughn.....15,713
C. C. McLean.....13,333
A. M. Scales.....11.333
Miss E. C. Leftwich.....15,420
C. M. Murray.....13,857
E. J. Stafford.....13,079
J. R. Silver.....14,975
Jas. O Elliot.....19,500
John W. Wharton.....12,300
M. B. Shrier.....10.019
J. C. Lindley.....8,500
D. D. DeButts.....12.379
Miss Ida McGoldrich.....19,500
T. A. Lyon..... 9,9-6
Chauncy Eldridge.....18,967
P. J. Watkins.....14,257
F. C Boyles.....16 480
Chas. Walker.....16,650
Miss Annie Leftwich.....15,680
Mrs. C. E Harrison.....17,389
H. W. Wharton.....12,360
Myrtle Landreth.....17,950
Mrs. E. L. Piper.....19,001
J. T. Bass.....12,642
E. R. Wharton.....16,675
W. E. Gatlin.....13,333
J L. Brockmann.....13,350
Mrs. J. L. Brockmann.....14,703
J. H. Medearis.....13,799
S. A. Kerr.....14,642
E. M. Sellars.....19,920
T. T. Brooks.....11,111
Lee G. Wharton.....10,840
D. H. Collins.....10,026
Hiatt Grissom.....15,747
C. C. Hinkle.....13,9-8
H. V. Stewart.....12,921
Roscoe A. Ward.....13,789
W. J. Golden.....16,232
Hill M. Hunter.....15,096
C. H. Williams.....13,333
Miss Fannie Legerton.....16 998
M. S. Sherwood.....11,799
Miss Ella Elliot.....19,728
R. Fields.....18,978
S. B. Norris.....12.348
E. W. McNairy.....14,245
Mrs. H. W. Cobb.....11,109
M. J. Barrett.....12.718
Mrs. Willis Sikes.....19,912
Lillian Lindley.....11.500
A. H. Horry.....15,995

M. M. Vuncannon.....19,999
M. J. Bodenheimer.....13,975
R. J. Allen.....13,500
E. P. Moseley.....20,516
M. Vuncannon.....21,122
John R. Allen.....14,000
E. R. Wharton..... 15 675
Mrs. Maye Elliott.....19,000
Henry Easley.....10,495
C. E. Harrison.....14,595
E. L. Piper.....18,452
John Thompson.....11,589
Thos. Elliott.....19 563
Miss Jennie Legerton.....16,675
Miss Minnie Lyon..... 7 881
Mrs. W. E. Gatlin.....14,550
J. A. Leonard.....10,500
H. G. Burton.....11,500
Miss Piper.....16,099
H. V. Stewart.....12,920
J. R Wharton.....11,129
C. E. Bain.....11.879
A. A. Crutchfield.....10,600
Mrs. S. Blaylock.....18,742
John N. Staples.....14,658
Wm. Love.....10.114
Uiton Staples.....15 000
L. M. H. Reynolds.....13,313
Jas. A. Hodgin.....14,033
Miss Bell Franklin.....11,500
Miss Stella Allen.....10,600
C. E. Leak.....13,784
Miss Louise Brooks.....15,001
F. A. Brooks.....13,060
Miss Jennie Maiden.....16,950
Miss Kate Carter.....14,845
Miss Vera Gorrell.....14,841
Mrs. F. E. Gorrell.....15,424
W. F. Lyon.....9,663
Mrs. G. A. Smith.....11,020
L. W. Andrews, Jr.,.....12,208
Robah Stone.....17.854
Arlie Owen, Gibsonville.....16,375
W. C. Porter, Jr.....14.444
E. G. Newcombe.....10,333
Brockton Lyon.....9,006
Willis Booth.....18,500
Rev V. L. Marsh.....18,947
L. Landreth.....17,092
D E Sampson, East Bend.....15,075
C. P. Younts, Memphis, Tenn...13,195
Mrs R. W. Brooks.....15 555
Maurice Richardson.....20.100
J. B. Glenn.....10.500
Miss Joybel Kine, Burlington...20,000
Willis Kine, Burlington.....17,300
T. H. Tate.....12,759
Doub Carr.....13,622
S. R. Trogden.....13,049.
Mrs. A. J. Dunn.....10,567
Robt J. Glenn, Jr.,.....13,795
R A. Irvin.....9,917
Glearma Vuncannon.....18 521
Herbert Leak.....14,310
W. J. Brower.....17,999
J. M. Leak.....13,497
A. A. Johnson.....10,911
W. E. Allen.....12,450
J. E. Furgerson.....13,762
Mrs. A. A. Jhonson.....11,560
Ernest Leonard.....13,131
H. Landerth.....17,000
R. L. Moore.....19,781
E. S. Leftwich.....14,286
May Stewart.....15.525
A. H. Hinkle.....9,999
Rosalind Lindley.....7,800
O. Williams.....14,371
Miss Anne Glenn.....11.052
Elsie Hinkle.....10,997
Miss Marie Turner.....15,877
Sadie Dick.....15,350
Lena Hinkle.....12,222
Brantley Yates.....19,392
Ernest Landreth.....14,550
Mrs. F. Landreth.....18,348
Sam Bradshaw.....11,323
R W. Hodgin.....10,423
Mason W. Gant, Statesville.....17,397
Mrs. Minnie Gant, Statesville...13,579
J. C. Gentry..... 9,876
Fenton Gentry.....12,345
H. S. Shelor.....13,013
A. J. Williams.....12,819
W. E. Boon.....18,268
Iva Lee Booth.....14,601
A. G. Stroud.....12,992
Kemp P. Battle, 3d.....16,132
J. J. McDonald.....11.999
A. H. Upchurch.....14,762
J. B Schenck.....10,001
Helen Schenck.....11,999
Victor Ballard.....13,701
L J. Brandt.....11.111
J. W. Lee, Jr.....14,158
Theo. S. Beall.....12,380
Ernest Leonard.....13,131
W. C Robinson.....12,784
Dr. Gregory.....14,797
Hettie Lyon..... 8,500
Capt. Jno. F. Lyon.....11.000
J. H. Boyles.....14,573
A. E. Ledbetter.....13,427
Mrs. L. E. Archer.....10.381
May Stewart.....15,525
Mrs. L. Pifer.....17,150
Mrs. E. B McKenzie, Washington, S. C.....11,307
H. C. Berger.....10,888
W. S. Lyon, Jr.....11.331
Mrs. C. C. Gorrell.....10,299
Mrs. S L Trogdon.....12,861
Mrs. Carrie L. Garrell.....14,210
Y. M. C. Johnson, Ramseur....13,733
M. E. Johnson, Ramseur.....14,163
Lina Boyd.....10,482
Nit Perry.....14,572
Miss Maggie Cole.....14,002
Joseph Dailey.....17,560
H. L. Hines.....12 000
Odell Ralls.....16,829
Miss Hallie Whitt.....15 550
Miss Mamie Whitt.....12,700
Mr. Barrett.....19,000
Mrs Myrick.....16,737
Frank B. Reed.....13,000
E. P. Moir.....11,070
Miss Annie Bodenhamer.....15,898
L. C. White.....13,221
Miss Bessie Faison.....19,500
Thomas A Keefe.....10,362
C. H Dorsett.....13.313
Sam Davis.....12,110
Ben Clarida.....11,122
John Fogleman.....13,050
J. B. Davis.....13.072
C. E. Dunivent.....14,090
B T. Simpson.....13,000
Mrs. Winningham.....12,386
S. M. Embrey.....12 364
Mrs. S. M. Embrey.....15,802
R. J. Morton.....16,001
Mrs R. J. Morton.....11.801
Waldo Porto.....18,700
P. E. Stroud.....11,057
W. R. Hudson.....13,900
J. R. Rankin.....12 543
A. M. Armentrout.....13,950
M. C. Keefe.....10,632
W. S. Witherspoon.....10,565

Jas. M. Keefe.....10,236
Miss Willie Middleton.....11,550
Fred Winningham.....19,994
Samuel B King.....11,711
Nancy Trotwood..... 9,999
Helen Buck.....16,500
Geo. Parker.....18,883
Mrs. M. W. Thompson.....18,00
D. M. Johnson.....17,720
Le Roy Wilhoit.....13,855
W. W. Betts, Wilmington.....17,467
Jessie E Howard.....13,888
A. J. Clark.....17,000
Mrs. D. V. Wilhoit.....15,751
Mrs. J. Y Smith.....14,556
Mrs. J. F. Jarrell.....15,749
Miss Mary Edwards.....14,857
Jamie E. Howard.....16,895
James R. Howard.....14,767
W. E. Phipps.....11,349
Theodore Ingram.....14,420
A. C. Forsyth.....13,637
Mrs. Rosa Lindley.....11,786
Miss Gainey.....13,013
Geo. D. Boyd.....12,998
R. J. Baxter, Pomona.....11,597
S. A. Hodgin, Raleigh.....14,001
Miss Myrtle Smith.....15,555
Mrs E. P. Moir.....17,777
Miss Ruth Worth, Raleigh.....16,553
Miss Eunice Worth, Raleigh.....14,500
Miss Annie Worth, Raleigh.....15,432
Mrs. S. A. Hodgin, Raleigh.....14,735
R J. Allen, Jr.....13,533
George Dunham.....14,110
Glenn Hudson.....17,543
E. A. Gasque, Marion.....12,651
Mrs. M. E. Teague, Asheboro..14,200
Mrs. G. P. Tucker, Asheboro...15,000
Mrs. A. B. Hunt, Roanoke.....15,200
Miss J. Lindley.....9,234
Eddie Keefe.....12,345
Calvin Ward.....13,522
D. D. Gilespie.....17,560
Miss Ada Thomas.....13,358
Miss Ida Taylor.....13,284
Miss Ruby Smith.....18,767
Miss Ila Brower.....12 991
Miss Gladys McGoldrick.....16,550
Miss Eula McGoldrick.....17,500
Tom Gaulden.....11,070
Miss Mary Gaulden.....13 060

RIDING A BUCKING MULE.

A "Puncher's" Adventure From the Indian Territory.

The Century Magazine's prize for the best short story submitted by a college student has been awarded to John M. Oskison of Leland Stanford University, whose home is in the Indian Territory, and whose blood is partly Indian. "Only the Master Shall Praise" is its title; and one of its scenes is a description of a ride on a bucking mule.

Out of a knot of excited men Hanner went straight to the waiting, restless mule. With a mock air of bravado, he struck the excited mule across the flank with his sombrero, after roughly seizing the reins. No one who has not learned by experience how to mount a plunging horse can understand how Hanner lifted himself out of the chaos of rearing mule and struggling attendants into the saddle before he signed to the men to turn the animal loose.

When the mule found itself free to act there was a momentary pause. Then began the short, nasty jumps straight into the air, with the anima's back bowed, its legs stiff, and its head lowered. It was the first powerful effort of the angered beast, made with devilish confidence. Hanner was scarcely shaken by these first straight jumps, but then began the twisting series which is the second expedient of a bucking animal. A jump high into the air, with a seemingly impossible twist to the side, landed the mule with its head turned almost half round. Before the rider caught his breath another jump and another half-turn were made. These are the motions that make a bronco-buster's life shorter. Hanner was bleeding at the nose in half a minute. The twisting jumps were continued until the strength of the mule was almost exhausted and as yet only the hat of the puncher had been dislodged. A short pause followed placed upon the paper-covered plate. during which the mule changed its tactics and Hanner thwacked its sweaty neck with his open hand. The next motion was a sudden rearing by the mule. As it rose on its hind legs, the rider yanked fiercely on the reins, and, slipping to the ground on one side allowed the brute to fall on its back. The saddle horn buried itself in the earth, and the mule's hoofs beat the air a moment before it scrambled to its feet.

Hanner was cooler than the mule now, and swung himself back into the saddle with the first long leap of the desperate animal. This was the easy part of the trial for the rider, and the spectacular part for the world. The mule ran straight away for the opposite fence of the fair-grounds with long, lunging jumps, rising and pitching forward with the speed of a racing yacht. Hanner brought his craft about before it sailed into the fence, and beat it fore and aft with a flourishing hand. He was wild with triumph now, his hair blowing in the wind. He leaned forward as in a race, urging the thoroughly tired and conquered mule straight for the crowd. A particularly vicious dig with the spurs made the beast plunge into the scattering knot of spectators and rise to a four-barred gate. At the opposite side of the track no fence barred its way, and it ran, frightened and quivering under the awning of a lemonade-vender's stand, scattering glasses and confections to the winds, and wrecking the stand. Hanner slowly dismounted, stroked the sweaty flank of the subdued mule, then turning and picking up an unbroken bottle of soda, proposed a toast "to our gentle old family-buggy hoss!"

Women are hopelessly feminine. They say that even Dr. Mary Walker tries to put her trousers on over her head some mornings. And Belva Lockwood has to sit on the floor to put on her shoes.

Do You know that cheap ill adjusted glasses injure your eyes? See Drs Moore.

A POWDER MILL EXPLOSION

Removes everything in sight; so do drastic mineral pills, but both are mighty dangerous. Don't dynamite the delicate machinery of your body with calomel, croton oil or aloes pills, when Dr. King's New Life Pills, which are gentle as a summer breeze, do the work perfectly. Cures headache, constipation. Only 25c. at C. E. Holton's drug store.

HIS LIFE WAS SAVED.

Mr. J. E. Lilly, a prominent citizen of Hannibal, Mo., lately had a wonderful deliverance from death. In telling of it he says: "I was taken with typhoid fever that ran into pneumonia. My lungs became hardened. I was so weak I couldn't even sit up in bed. Nothing helped me. I expected to soon die of consumption, when I heard of Dr. King's New Discovery. One bottle gave great relief. I continued to use it and now am well and strong. I can't say too much in its praise." This marvellous medicine is the surest and quickest cure in the world for all throat and lung trouble. Regular sizes 50 cents and $1.00. Trial bottles free at C. E. Holton's drug

Merit Wins Drs. Moore adjust glasses that have genuine merit.

In India, the land of famine, thousands die because they cannot obtain food. In America, the land of plenty, many suffer and die because they cannot digest the food they eat. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests what you eat It instantly relieves and radically cures all stomach troubles. Howard Gardner. Aug.

Biggest and Best.

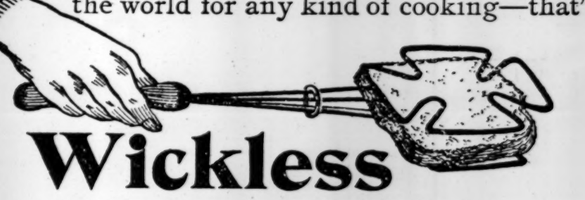
THE GATE CITY STEAM LAUNDRY is now prepared to do all kinds of laundry in the very best style. Having recently put in a large new mangle with a lot of other new machinery we can afford to do your work as cheap as can be done anywhere and guarantee entire satisfaction. We have also changed our wagons from green and red to white—they are not old wagons painted over, so please note the change and watch for the WHITE WAGONS—they will not hurt you and see that your laundry goes to THE GATE CITY, THE BIGGEST AND BEST,
114 Fayetteville Street.
W. A. Fields, Proprietor.
F. B. Reid, Mgr.
Phone 176.

MISS) JOY HARRIS, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office and Residence 123 Summit Ave.
(Mrs. Payne's office)
Office hours; 8 to 10 a. m., 3 to 4 pm.

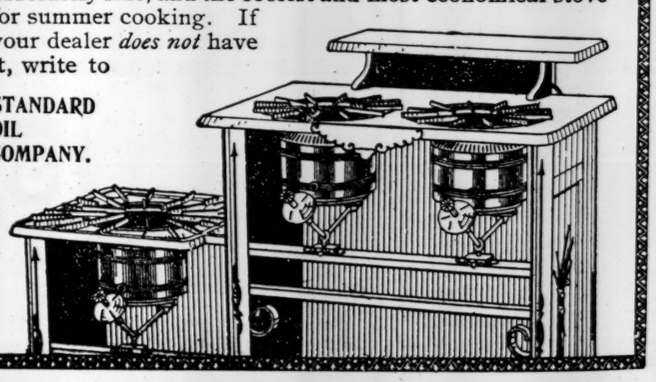
Our "Wanamaker" and "Dewey" Vici Kid Men's shoes, made by the Chas. Heiser Shoe Co, are up-to-date, fit well, look nice and are just what you want for this warm weather.
THACKER & BROCKMANN.

Valuable City Property
for sale. The Brockmann place, fronting 120 feet on E. Market street and 300 feet on on railroad. Also building lot near Normal college. Low prices to prompt buyer, as it is desired to close out this real estate.
J. L. Brockmann, 322 S. Elm St.

Toasting
and broiling can be done perfectly on the oil stove that makes no soot—the cleanest stove in the world for any kind of cooking—that's the



Wickless
BLUE FLAME Oil Stove
absolutely safe, and the coolest and most economical stove for summer cooking. If your dealer *does not* have it, write to
STANDARD OIL COMPANY.



YOU CAN GET THESE STOVES OF THE
Wakefield Hardware Co.

"THE 'SALT' OF SALTS."
For the Little Folk.
This hot weather is hard on the little ones. It worries them, makes them nervous and fretful. Their blood is heated and out of order. They pine for relief. There is no better tonic, if your children are indisposed, than
Abbey's Effervescent Salt.
It will regulate their bowels, dispel their little derangements, or feverish condition, like magic—and you won't have to urge them to take it. They simply love it. Your doctor will endorse it. Abbey's Salt is made principally from the salts extracted from the juices of Fresh Fruits and is Nature's remedy. It is good for the young as well as the old—in proper quantities. Sold by most druggists, or sent by mail.
25c., 50c. and $1 per bottle.
The Abbey Effervescent Salt Co., 9-15 Murray St., N. Y.
Booklet free on request.

DR. CHAS. G. PURDY, New York City, states; "The most effective and elegant aperient salt for clearing the gastro intestinal tract is Abbey's Effervescent. *It is the only one which I have found suitable for children*, and for my own use, I have never found anything so satisfactory."

430 VANDERBILT AVE., BROOKLYN, November, 17. 1899.
I have prescribed Abbey's Effervescent Salt and think it should be better known. It is very pleasant and very decided in its results. Can recommend it to adults and children who have sluggish livers and rheumatic difficulties. They will find the Salt valuable.
S. MATHERSON, M.D.

JAMES L. WATSON, M.D., Late Surgeon U.S. Army, says: "I have both used Abbey's Effervescent Salt myself and prescribed it with satisfactory results. It is a tonic, regulator, and when needed to be so, a laxative; and in nervous or excited conditions, a tranquilizer. I shall continue to prescribe your Salt and use it for myself."

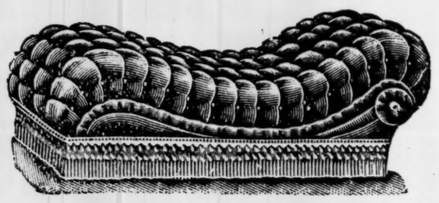
GOLDSTEIN & SHEVEL'S

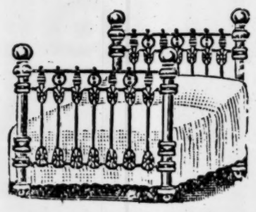
THE HEYWOOD.

Mid-Summer Reduction Sale.

At the Big Furniture Store, where special bargains are now being offered in all grades of furniture, as it must be sold to make room for the immense fall stock which will soon begin to arrive. Now is the time to furnish your house with beautiful goods cheaper than ever before, such as Handsome Bed Room Suits in Oak and Mahogany, Couches, Morris Chairs, Rockers, Parlor Pieces, Ladies' Desks, Book Cases, China Closets, Chiffoniers, Centre Tables, Brass and Iron Beds, Hair Mattresses, Baby Carriages, Go-Carts, Cook Stoves, Sewing Machines, etc.

Come early and make your selections before the rush.





THE WORK OF WOMEN

THEIR FADS, DIVERSIONS AND INVENTIONS.

Royal and Literary Women and Their Work—Serviceable Devices for Which Humanity Is Grateful—Occupations of Rich and Poor.

Nearly all great women, as well as great men have their fads. A fad is a useful thing in many ways. It serves to rest the intelligent at times, when every nerve and brain cell has been overtaxed by the absorbing subject of tenser study.

Queen Victoria's fads are gardening and dogs and ponies.

Princess Louise boasts of the number of dishes which she has invented.

The Queen of Italy collects gloves, boots and shoes which have been worn by royal personages. She has shoes which belonged to Queen Ann. and a fan which was the property of Mary, Queen of Scots.

The Queen of Greece is said to be the finest needlewoman among European royality. The Empress of Germany loves to knit. The Dowager Queen of Portugal, when at her home on the seashore of Caldas, amuses herself by shooting from high windows at bottles placed in the sea for the purpose.

Maria Theresa of Bavaria is fond of pets, and is always accompanied by 14 of her favorites when she takes a long journey.

The Czarine of Russia is fond of lace, and a remarkable piece of Chantilly was presented to her as a birthday gift by the French government last year.

Many of America's favorite women also have their fads.

Mrs. Francis MacVeigh collects palms. She has one, a dwarf palm, which is said to be 250 years old.

Mrs. Philip D. Armour, Jr., collects plates, and owns more than 2,000 exquisite plates.

Susan B. Anthony has a fad for making quilts and rugs.

Candace Wheeler, the veteran art connoisseur and business woman, knits. The daughters of ex-Mayor Hewitt have a mania for learning how to do things, and recently they even learned how to shoe a horse, not only hammering out the shoes on the anvil, but nailing them to the horse's feet.

A long list of American women have become experts in the use of rifles and pistols. Among them are Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mrs. Havemeyer, Mrs. Alfred Seton, Mrs. Seward Webb and Mrs. Valentine Mott. All of these women by diligent practice of their pet fad have routed the ancient creed that a bull's eye must be the size of a barn door in order for a woman to hit it.

Mrs. Charles T. Barnes's collection of tea pots in Chicago is one of the largest in the country—or was, until half of her lot were lost in the fire that destroyed her house.

Mrs. D. Harry Hammer has 10,000 buttons which came from all over the world, and many of which are interesting as souvenirs of various wars. Several of the buttons bear crests of distinguished families, among which are those of Gladstone, Sir Robert Napier, Lord Raleigh, the Duke of Argyll, Count Hatzfeldt and the Marquis of Lorne.

In the inventive world women have not been idle. Many of the most useful inventions of to-day were evolved by the eternal feminine. Nor do they pertain to what has been termed the "woman's sphere."

Silk weaving was invented by the wife of the fourth Chinese Emperor; bronze work by a Japanese woman; the weaving of cashmere shawls by a woman of the Indian harem, and the lost secret of Venetian point lace was rediscovered by an Italian woman. Harriet Hosmer is mentioned as having invented the way to make marble from limestone which the Italian Government had long been seeking. Mary Kies was the first woman in America to take out a patent and in the year 1809 she was granted one for "weaving straw with either silk or thread."

Mrs. Harriet Strong who began by inventing a corset ended by taking out patents for dams and reservoirs. Although now an aged woman she recently patented a device for storing water.

A woman invented a satchel-bottomed paper bag and was offered $20,000 for her patent before she left Washington. A woman nvented the Burkden process of making horseshoes, which turns out such rapid work that it has saved the country $2,500,000 in 14 years. A number of women's inventions are known to have been patented under the names of their husbands, fathers or brothers.

The women of the State of New York, in point of numbers of inventions, head the list, with those of the New England States following a close second, the Northwest and Middle States ranking next.

An Illinois woman invented a baling press, and two from Texas a digging machine. A Cincinnati woman is the inventor of a method for decorating pottery, and one from San Francisco devised a tap and faucet; a Philadelphia woman a bicycle saddle; a Massachusetts woman a window frame and sash; a woman from Switzerland a calendar clock; a California woman a method of and means for impounding debris and storing water; a New York woman a glass jar fruit protector; an English woman a horseshoe; a Massachusetts woman an abdominal supporter; a Florida woman a railroad car; an Illinois woman a car heater; a West Virginia woman a hemming attachment for sewing machines.

In the beginning and toward the middle of this century most of the inventions patented by women were made in the line of articles pertaining to the house, the nursery, personal comfort and wearing apparel, such as spinning wheel heads, moccasins, a calash balloon for ladies, a bandage, an ice-cream freezer, making artificial flowers, a button worker, a clothes frame, a muff, washing machines and a process for manufacturing cheese. After the war and up to the present time street cars, vulcanized rubber and textile fabrics, windmills, fire escapes, typewriters, sectional horseshoes and pneumatic tires were patented by women inventors.

BIG THINGS.

The Bank of England destroys about 350,000 of its notes every week, to replace them with freshly printed ones. One evening in each week is set apart for the making of this expensive bonfire.

Russia's Czar has an income of $1,000 per hour, the Sultan $850, the Emperor of Austria $500, the Kaiser $450, the King of Italy $330, Queen Victoria the same, the French President $250, the King of the Belgians $85, and the President of the United States $7.50 per hour.

Paris has the largest library in the world. It contains upward of 2,000,000 printed books and 160,000 manuscripts. The British museum contains about 1,500,000 volumes, and the imperial library at St. Petersburg about the same number. These are the largest libraries in the world.

The year 47 B. C. was the longest year on record. By order of Julius Caesar it contained 445 days. The additional days were put in to make the seasons conform as nearly as possible with the solar year.

The Railroad Gazette reports that United States contracting locomotive shops during the past year have turned out 2,478 engines, the total being 598 over that of last year, and the largest on record. The locomotives constructed for export numbered 514, or 40 less than export total in 1897.

The suggestion of substituting a Martini-Metford carbine for the sword an officer usually carries is being largely discussed in military circles. The objection against the sword is that, when marching through hilly country, it hampers an officer's movements in getting over rough ground, while a carbine could be used as a walking stick, thus being a great help and support.

THE NORTH CAROLINA COLLEGE OF

Agriculture and Mechanic Arts.

TECHNICAL EDUCATION IN Agriculture, Stock-raising, Horticulture; Mechanical, Civil, and Electrical Engineering, Textile Industry, Chemistry, and Architecture.

PRACTICAL TRAINING IN Carpentry, Wood-turning, Blacksmithing, Machine-work, Mill-work, Boiler-tending, Engine-tending, and Dynamo-tending.

Tuition, $20 a year; board, $8 a month. Next session opens September 6th. Entrance examinations in each county court-house, July 28th, 10 o'clock, a. m., also at the college September 4th and 5th.

For full information, address

PRESIDENT GEO. T. WINSTON,

RALEIGH, N. C.

The State Normal and Industrial College OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Offers to young women thorough literary, classical, scientific and industrial education and special pedagogical training. Annual expenses $92 to $132; for non-residents, $152. Faculty of 30 members. More than 400 regular students. Has matriculated about 2,000 students, representing every county in the state except one. Practice and Observation School of about 250 pupils. To secure board in dormitories, all free-tuition application should be made before August 1. Correspondence invited from those desiring competent trained teachers For catalogue and other information address until August 15th

CHARLES D. McIVER, Pres. PROF. J. Y. JOYNER, Dean of College.

R. P. Walters,

FIRE, LIFE AND ACCIDENT

Insurance

118 S. Elm St., Hotel Guilford B'ld'g,

REPRESENTING

The Mutual Life Insurance Company, of New York; Maryland Casualty of Baltimore. Md.; and a select line of Fire Insurance Companies.

LOCATION OF FIRE ALARMS

12 Intersection of North Greene and Glay Streets, near Farmers' Warehouse.
13 Corner West Market and Eugene Streets near Col Winstead's.
14 Corner West Market and Cedar Streets, near A. & Y. Railroad.
15 North West Corner Court House Square.
23 Corner Lindsay and Church Streets, near the Graded School.
24 Corner East Market and North Forbis Streets, near electric light station.
25 Corner East Market and Linton Streets, beyond railroad.
32 Corner South Elm and East Washington Streets, near McAdoo House.
34 East Washington Street, just east of railroad, near Mrs. Owen's.
35 Intersection of Asheboro, Fayetteville and Gorrell Streets, Keogh's corner.
42 South Elm and Buchanan Streets, Clegg's corner.
43 West Washington and Spring Streets, near A. T. Robinson's.
45 Walker Avenue and Mendenhall Street, Jeffries' corner.
52 Corner West Lee and Ashe Streets, near Glascock's foundry.
53 Corner Arlington and East Lee Streets, near St Andrew's church.
62 Corner Pearson and East Lee Streets.
63 Corner Asheboro and East Bragg Streets near Graded School.

A. M. SCALES J. I. SCALES

SCALES & SCALES,

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,

GREENSBORO, N. C.

New Lot of . . . . .

Bagster Bibles

just received. Why pay an agent $6.00 for a Bible that we can duplicate for $2.00. With these Bibles we also received some of the handsomest platinum pictures of the madonnas and celebrated paintings we have ever seen. Call and see them and be convinced.

WHARTON BROS

BOOKSELLERS AND STATIONESR.

Hayden, Wheeler & Schwend

ARCHITECTS

501—503 Sou. L & T. Co. Building GREENSBORO, N. C.

115 South Tryon St. 20½ Peachtree St.

Charlotte, N. C, Atlanta, Ga.

NO RIGHT TO UGLINESS

The woman who is lovely in face form and temper will always have friends, but one who would be attractive must keep her health. If she is weak, sickly and run down, she will be nervous and irritable. If she has constipation or kidney trouble, her impure blood will cause pimples blotches, skin eruptions and a wretched complexion. Electric bitters is the best medicine in the world to regulate stomach, liver and kidneys and to purify the blood. It gives strong nerves, bright eyes, smooth, velvety skin, rich complexion. It will make a good-looking, charming woman of a run-down invalid. Only 50 cents at C. E Holton's drug store.

DEPARTURE OF TRAINS FROM GREENSBORO, N. C.

MAIN LINE—NORTHBOUND.

No. 34, Fast Mail.....11.44 p. m.
" 26, Fast Mail.....12.23 p. m.
" 38, Vestibule.....10.47 p. m.
" 12, Passenger.....9.55 p. m.
" 8, Local.....8.10 a. m.

SOUTHBOUND.

No. 33, Fast Mail.....5.48 a. m.
" 35, Fast Mail.....7.10 p. m.
" 37, Vestibule.....7.05 a. m.
" 11, Passenger.....7.37 a. m.
" 7, Local.....6 40 p. m.

FOR RALEIGH.

No. 16, Passenger.....12.25 p. m.
" 8, Passenger.....8.10 a. m.
" 12, for Norfolk.....11.45 p. m.

FOR WINSTON-SALEM.

No. 107, Daily ex. Sunday.....12.35 p. m.
" 105, Daily.....8.25 a. m.
" 109, Daily.....7.20 p. m.

A. & Y. DIVISION.

For Wilmington.....12 25 p. m.
" Mt. Airy.....4.12 p. m.
" Ramseur.....2.40 p. m.
Madison.....9.35 a. m.

Southern Railw'y

IN EFFECT FEB. 18, 1900.

This condensed schedule is published as information and is subject to change without notice to the public

Trains leave Greensboro, N. C.

5 48 a m—No 33 daily, Florida Express south for Charlotte, Columbia, Savannah, Augusta, Jacksonville and Tampa. Pullman drawing room buffet sleeping cars and day coach.

7:05 a m—No. 37 daily. Washington & Southwestern Limited for Charlotte, Atlanta, Birmingham, Memphis, Montgomery, Mobile, New Orleans and all points south. Through Pullman Sleeper New York to New Orleans; New York to Memphis; New York to Nashville; Pullman observation car New York to Macon; vestibuled coach Washington to Atlanta. Tourist sleeper Washington to San Francisco Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday without change. Dining Cars serve all meals

7:37 a m—No. 11, daily, for Charlotte, Atlanta and all points South. Connects at Salisbury for Asheville, Knoxville and Chattanooga

8:10 a m—No. 8, daily, for Danville, Richmond and local stations.

8:10 a m—No. 8, daily, for Raleigh, Goldsboro and local points. Connects at Selma with train for Wilson, Rocky Weldon and local points; at Goldsboro for Norfolk, Newbern and Morehead City.

9 25 a m—No. 105 for Winston, Wilkesboro and local points. Daily to Winston-Salem Daily except Sunday to Wilkesboro.

9 35—No 46, daily except Sunday for Madison and local points.

12:23 p m—No. 36, daily. United States Fast Mail, for Washington, Richmond and all points North. Carries through Pullman Drawing Room Buffet Sleeper New Orleans to New York; Miami to New York. Dining cars serve all meals.

No. 16 leaves Greensboro 12:25 p m daily for Raleigh, Goldsboro and local points

12 25 p m—No 52 for Sanford. Connects with A. C. L. for Fayetteville and local points south.

2 5 p m—No. 107, daily except Sunday for Winston-Salem.

2:40 p m—No 47, daily except Sunday for Ramseur and local points.

4:12 p m—No 53 for Mt Airy and local stations.

8:40 p m—No. 7 daily, for Charlotte and local points; connects at Salisbury for Knoxville, Chattanooga. Pullman sleeper operated from Salisbury to Memphis.

7:10 p m—No. 35 daily. United States Fast Mail for Charlotte, Atlanta, and all points South and Southwest. Connects at Charlotte for Columbia Augusta, Savannah, Jacksonville and local stations. Pullman Drawing Room Buffet Sleeper New York to New Orleans; New York to Miami; Charlotte to Atlanta; Charlotte to Augusta.

7:25 p m—No 109, daily for Winston-Salem

9:55 p m—No 12, daily for Reidsville, Danville, Richmond, and local points north.

10:47 p m—No. 38, daily. Washington & Southwestern Limited for Washington and all points North. Pullman Sleepers to Washington, Baltimore and New York.

11.44 p. m—No. 34 daily, Florida Express North, carries through Pullman cars Jacksonville to New York Charlotte to Richmond

11:45 p m—No. 12, daily, for Raleigh, Norfolk, and points east. Pullman Sleeper operated from Charlotte to Norfolk.

First sections of all scheduled freight trains carry passengers between points at which they are scheduled to stop.

JOHN M. CULP, Traffic Manager. FRANK S. GANNON, Gen. Pass. Agt.

W. A. Turk, Gen. Pas. Agt., Washington, D. C
R. L Vernon, Trav. Pas. Agt., Charlotte, N. C.
J. B. Graham, Ticket Agent, Greensboro, N. C.

John Orzali,

Practical Boot and Shoe Maker,

102 N. Elm Street, Opp. Court House.

Healthy and Palatable

Granose biscuit. Granose Flakes. Granola. "Zwieback" Crackers. Graham Crackers. Oatmeal Crackers. Fruit Crackers. All made by the "Battle Creek Sanitarium Health Food Co.," whose name on an article is a guarantee of good qualtiy.

J.W.Scott&Co

Rough-rider and Lady-Smith Hats in Pearl mode and black BROWN'S.

Stop and look at the prices on all wool mens suits in our south window Come in and compare notes on our new line of umbrellas and then buy your boy a suit at a cut price. Elk brand and Longley hats that will please you. Straw hats at first cost.

MERRITT,

BROWER & CO

HUFF

says nothing but saws wood into the finest delivery wagons. Prompt attention to special designs. July 6.

THE WEATHER.

For North Carolina: Fair tonight and Sunday.

Highest temperature at Greensboro past twenty-four hours ending eight o'clock this morning 88, lowest 68.

FACTS AND RUMORS.

Short Items of Greensboro News Heard Today.

Holton's drug store will be open tomorrow.

Rev. T. A. Smoot will preach at the First Presbyterian church tomorrrow morning.

Miss Gwynn has resigned her position as stenographer in the office of Superintendent O'Brien, of the Southern. She is succeed by Mr. Snyder.

Judge Boyd's furniture has a rived from Washington. Until he can get possession of his residence it will be stored in the rooms in the Mendenhall building formerly occupied as his law offices.

Contract Awarded.

The executive committee of the Central Carolina Fair Association met today and let the contract for building and attended to some other matters of importance. The contract for the grand stand, the exhibit hall and the fence was awarded to Messrs. A. F. Brooks and J. L. Winningham.

The matter of arranging a premium list was also taken up and discussed at some length.

The Birmingham Age-Herald says that the country is prosperous, and that it sees nothing to indicate the coming of hard times. As the Age-Herald is a devout Democratic newspaper and an earnest supporter of Mr. Bryan, we accept its contention as evidence that this will not be a calamity campaign

SEAGOING WHISKEY.

Reasons for Sending It Twice Across the Ocean Before Marketing.

Large shipments of whiskey in bond will be made from Baltimore to European ports within the next month or two. A shipment of 1,500 barrels is nearly ready for export and about 4,000 barrels more will soon be ready.

While some of the whiskey will be sent by Baltimore owners, the most of it will be from Cincinnati and other western cities. After being kept in European warehouses for six months or a year, the greater part will then be brought back to this country for sale.

The whiskey to be sent out is of the 1891 and 1892 distillation, which must be taken out of the bonded warehouses before the eight-year limit has expired. Whiskey may be stored in a bonded warehouse eight years without being subject to the internal revenue tax of $1.10 a gallon. At the expiration of eight years it must be taken out. Rather than pay the tax and lose the use of the money until the sale of the goods, some owenrs prefer to ship their surplus stock to the other side and store them there until needed, claiming that the cost of freight both ways and the storage in Europe will be less than meeting internal revenue requirements at a time when there is no demand for the goods. The tax is only required to be paid when whiskey is put on the market for consumption, as that goods shipped to Europe in bond are not taxed. They are brought back as required by the demand of the market here. Goods remaining in this country out of bond are supposed to be on the market.

This method is pursued by dealers and distillers who overload themselves. The output in 1892 was heavier than the demand, and it is part of the surplus which is now going to Europe to await the time when it must be brought back to be placed on the market.—Baltimore Sun.

CHANGE ONE LETTER.

Home Words.

"Disappointment—His appointment;"
Change one letter, then I see
That the thwarting of my purpose
Is God's better choice for me.
His appointment must be blessing,
Though it may come in disguise,
For the end from the beginning
Open to his wisdom lies.

"Disappointment—His appointment;"
Whose? The Lord's who loves me best,
Understands and knows me fully,
Who my faith and love would test.
For, like loving earthly parents,
He rejoices when he knows
That His child accepts unquestioned
All that from His wisdom flows.

"Disappointment—His appointment;"
Change the letters, then, dear friend,
Take in cheerful acquiescence
All thy Father's love may send.
Soon will faith be lost in vision,
Then in glory thou shall see
"His appointment," and that only,
Was the right way home for thee.

Walk light, walk easy, walk noiselessly. Don't jar your spinal column and nervous system every step you take. Have rubber heels put on your shoes and be happy. We sell O'Sullivan's, the pure rubber kind, the kind that outwear leather heels. New lot, all sizes just received. Men's 50 cents, ladies 40 cents a pair.

TRACKER & BROCKMANN.

D. Bendheim & Sons
230 S. Elm St.

Still Greater July Clearance Reductions

This sale was a pronounced success from the start. The people evidenced their appreciation and confidence by coming in great throngs to partake of the rare offerings. We've made history with this sale—written the first page of a new epoch in modern merchandising. Competitors stand aghast at our wholesale reductions. Better and better grow the assortments, lower and lower the prices, till we begin the third week of this CLEARANCE SALE with a tumultuous rush, and slashing of prices the like of which has never been known by any of Greensboro's buying public. We advise early shopping.

Big Sale of Lawns.

50 pieces beautiful dimity corded lawns (see window display) yd	5
3000 yards fast Black lawns, organdies, dimities and batiste, 12½ to 19c values	6½
50 pieces colored lawns and dimities, white, navy and block grounds in beautiful variety of styles. 12½ and 15c values at	6¾
40 pieces "Johnson's" fine corded madras in the most beautiful styles brught out this season (see our window display of these) worth 15c at	8¾
25 pieces crash suitings, the ten cent kind at, per yd	5
The new corded taffeta lawns sold for 19c and 25c yd at	12½
The balance of the white piques, worth 12½c, at	5
Narrow black velvet ribbons satin back at, piece	25
Valencines laces, dozen yards	12½
5 pieces curtains scrims at, yd	3⅞
5 pieces Shaker flannel at, per yd	3⅞
Cotton Birdeye at, piece	50
A large size hemmed white bed spread 1.00 quality at	79
Having immense sales on India Linens at 8c, 10c,	12
Ladies bleached ribbed vests, tape in neck at	5
Children's handkerchiefs at	1
Gent's handkerchiefs	3
New Lot ladies lisle thread hose, plain and drop stitceed, real 39c value at, per pair	25
Ladies pure linen hemstitched handkerchiefs at	5
Boys white shirt waists at	23
Boy's overalls	23
Ladies white shirt waists, 2 rows of inserting at	29
Ladies 50c colored shirt waists at	29
Ladies calico shirtwaists laundried white collar at	18
One white chiffon parasol, was $6.50 now	3.98
One white India silk parasol trimmed with ewing silk gauze, was $4. now	1.98
Three special towel bargains at 4c, 10 and 25c.	
Lace beadings, dozen yds	19
Summer corsets at	39
New line brooch pins, horse shoes shell combs and hair ornaments.	
Ladies silk serge umbrellas, steel rods, Natural wood handles	89
$1.50 colored silk parasols at	75
5 rolls heavy china matting worth 25 cents at	16

D. Bendheim & Sons

230 South Elm St.

PHONE No. 216.

"If you would be wealthy,
Think of saving as well as getting."

OPEN A SAVINGS ACCOUNT AT ONCE WITH

The People's.. ..Savings Bank

OF GREENSBORO, N. C.,

Which pays 4 per cent interest on time or savings deposits, compounded every six months.

Net Deposits July 16th, 1900, $159,518.09. Number of open accounts 2230.

J. W. SCOTT, President.
J. AD. HODGIN, Treasurer.

PURE SPICES .....AND PEPPER

If you want the best SPICES AND PEPPER for seasoning your preserves, pickles, etc. We have them—Gilpen, Langdon & Co's.—and they don't cost you more than the inferior kinds.

Jno. B. Fariss,

Druggist 321 S. Elm St.

Huyler's Candies
Eastman Kodaks
and Supplies

Our Annual Stock-Taking

Begins August 1st. Until that date we will sell all goods at cut rate prices. We can count money easier than we can measure goods.

J. M. Hendrix & Co.

COMMENCED BUSINESS, OCTOBER 2D, 1899.

J. W. FRY, President. J. S. COX, Vice-Pres. W. E. ALLEN, Sec. Treas

Greensboro Loan and Trust Company,

Capital Stock, $100.000.00.

Furnish travellers letters of credit, available in all parts of the world. Does a general banking business. Makes loans on improved real estate. Negotiates mortgages and acts as trustee Acts as guardian, executor and administrator of estates. Safety deposit boxes for rent.

A Legal Depository of Court and Trust Funds.
Trust funds to loan on improved city property.

DIRECTORS.

J. A. Odell,	John Gill, Baltimore, Md.	B. F. Mebane,
R. M. Rees,	W. H. Watkins, Ramseur, N. C.	W. L. Grissom,
Geo. S. Sergeant	O. R. Cox, Cedar Fall, N. C.	W. D. McAdoo
R. R. King,	W. F. Williams, Red Spgs., N.C.	R. P. Gray,
J. S. Cox.	J. A. Hadley, Mt. Airy, N C	J. W. Fry
	S. Bryant, Randleman, N. C.	
	J. Elwood Cox, High Point, N.	

FORTY PAIRS

Girls' and Misses'

Chocolate and Tan

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Part Two **GREENSBORO TELEGRAM.** Pages 9 to 12

SOME NOTABLE MURDERERS

THE RECKLESSNESS OF SUCCESS

Cool and Calculating, Success Made Them Careless and the Most Common Precautions Were Then Neglected—Made Way With His Own Mother and Sister. Then Tried His Stable Boy, Then His Friend—All Murderers Want to Talk—Holmes Murdered a Score.

The Cosmopolitan for July.

Doctor Palmer, a highly educated Englishman, who was a lawyer, a coroner, as well as a physician, was the first of modern murderers to use strychnine as a poison. Reasoning from the indestructibility of mineral poisons, like arsenic—which had been infamous since the Borgia injected it into the carcass of a pig, hung this in the sun and bottled the doubly deadly colorless liquid, half arsenic, half ptomaine, that oozed therefrom—Dr. Palmer selected strychnine, a vegetable poison, for his deliberately chosen work. Every element of premeditation was present. To profit by his crimes, he first insured the lives of his victims. He made way with his own mother and sister. Success stimulated his industry and he next tried his stable-boy, who left his employment "on account of his health." A friend named Ben Hogg, to whom he owed money was dosed until he, too, took alarm and went to London to seek another medical adviser. All the while Doctor Palmer was giving minute doses, at regular intervals, reasoning that this "active principle of nux vomica," as strychnine is called in the books, would be slowly absorbed into the system. His experiments fascinated him. He became bolder.

By this time the contemplation of his crimes had dulled his fear of apprehension. His mind no longer grasped the supreme necessity for caution. When he next poisoned a victim, Cook, he administered the drug openly, as medicine, in a hotel which harbored many possible witnesses. He had learned the exact effects of quantitive doses, and the convulsions caused by the action of the poison on the spinal chord he calmly declared to the attendants and spectators to be simply the effect of Cook's excessive indulgence in spirits. In his agony, Cook, who had been a sincere friend and had lent Palmer considerable sums of money, would call on him, "Oh, help me in my agony!" Whereupon Palmer, his friend and physician, would calmly give the sufferer a little more strychnine.

The concentrated acumen of his two learned professions, law and medicine, failed, however, to safeguard Palmer against the most vulgar errors of judgment. He actually named one of his racehorses "Strychnine." Although unsuspected, after Cook's death, and even after an autopsy, he offered to bribe the man who was to convey to the authorities for expert examination the jar containing Cook's vital organs, to break the jar upon the way and say that he had fallen by accident. Fifty thousand people looked on while Doctor Palmer was hanged.

Doctor Buchanan, executed July 2, 1895, for wife murder, was an exceedingly clever man, although his brain was found to be quite small. He administered simultaneously morphine—which induces stupor and contracts the pupils of the eyes, sometimes to the size of pin points—and atrophine—which induces delirium, followed by stupor, and greatly dilates the pupils. Could any combination have been more cleverly confusing? Yet his own folly convicted him—his trivial, utterly unnecessary and useless talking about what he had done and what he prposed to do. The logical execution of his scheme would have implied absolute reticence. How almost impossible it seems to be for the slayer to be silent! If a deaf-mute were to commit murder, I verily believe he would not rest until he found somebody who understood the sign-language to whom he could compromise himself.

Dr. Henry C. Meyer, whose remarkable trial for poisoning terminated in his conviction of the crime of murder in the second degree, in May, 1894, was a brilliant man, above all secretive; yet he erected his own scaffold. His crimes which were many, were done for the mere love of money. His victims were insured and then put out of the way. A creature named Brandt was insured under another name, that of "G. H. J. Baum," for eight thousand five hundred dollars, in favor of Mrs. Meyer. Tartarized antimony, "tartar emetic," was given to Brandt in small doses, to stimulate by its effects the symptoms of dysentery. Brandt's sufferings were so prolonged, from what his attending physician diagnosed in good faith as "chronic dysentery," that Meyer lost patience and gave the poor wretch plain, vulgar, old-fashioned arsenic to put him out of the way; arsenic, of all poisons—a grain of which can be detected by medical science in the body of an elephant ten years even after death! It took a year for the analysis to isolate the antimony, which they said is "so seldom used as a poison," but the arsenic was found at the very beginning of the analysis.

Dr. Herman Mudgett, alias H. H. Holmes, is believed to have put out of the way nearly a score of men, women and children. His sordid, conscienceless career was cut short by the gallows in Philadelphia on May 7, 1896. Like Meyer in this as in a number of points of resemblance, Holmes began life as a country doctor and was not patient enough to bear the trials that precede success. Both wanted money without work or desert. Both chose insurance murders as the easiest way of gaining their ends. Both were for a period successful, and the carelessness which grows out of custom then brought them to book, in spite of great natural shrewdness. They were vulgar criminals, unworthy of scientific study save in the one respect that the contemplation of their crimes seemed to cause them no remorse; they appear to have been born with undeveloped consciences and never to have cultivated the moral sides of their natures. Their intellects were acute and audacious. Murder became actually their habit. A little more cruelty, a little less humanity, would have made of them monsters, such monsters as the perpetrators of those serial tragedies which we refer to as "the Whitechapel atrocities," the "Denver stranglings," "the Austin murders," et cetera.

Bulwer has described in "A Strange Story," and Stevenson in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," men of the monstrous type, devoid of human sympathy and affection, incapable of remorse. There may be such men; doubtless there are. But they are not numerous enough, fortunately, to enter into this study. The human being endowed with heart and soul and intellect, and with the full capacity of his kind for sinning and suffering, begins to suffer for murder before he commits it.

The murder done, the murderer becomes a man without a country, a man without a friend, nay, more—he is a man without a God. Every man's hand is against him and his hand is against every man. His foes are they of his own household. His conscience becomes the avenger of his crime; he is forced to join the hue and cry society raises to protect itself.

And now ensues a phenomenon wonderful in its vindication of the wisdom that ordains the affairs of men and protects the good from the evil. The murderer craves human companionship, the hand-pressure of good-fellowship, the kindly light of a friendly countenance. He creeps drearily back to the scene of his crime to reinstate himself as nearly as possible in the old Eden of innocence, to imagine that peaceful scene before he stained it with blood. He must find somebody to talk to, if only a tramp at the roadside or a stranger in a railway-station. His heart is bursting with the bitterness of the fate to which he feels he has doomed himself. The world never seemed so fair to him as now when he has bid its joys farewell. He is beyond the pale; and he welcomes the hand even of the sheriff on his shoulder.

Humbert's Bravest Deed.

New York Sun.

When Naples went wild with superstitious terror in the cholera epidemic of 1884, King Humbert went straight to the city and side by side with Cardinal Canfelice, exposed himself to the plague in the hospitals and in the foulest slums, day after day, till the people took heart again. That Italians can never forget.

WILL MR. ASTOR FIGHT?

It is Pretty Sure that "Good Form" Will Cause Sir Berkeley Milne to Challenge Him.

Washington Post.

The controversy which has recently taken place between W. W. Astor and Sir Berkeley Milne has had the rather remarkable, but still not altogether unexpected effect of starting a movement in England for the revival of dueling, and it is declared on unquestionable authority that the Prince of Wales himself views this movement with approval. This is not surprising, in view of the cosmopolitan ideas of the British heir apparent, and there is no doubt that something of the kind will have to be done now that the intercourse between continental society and that of England has become so close and intimate. Sir Archibald Milne is not merely a man of ancient family and a member of several leading London clubs, but is likewise a captain of the royal navy. This being the case, the view is taken by society in England and on the continent that the affront placed upon him by Mr. Astor first in turning him out of his house, and then in publishing the fact in his paper, the Pall Mall Gazette, constitutes an indignity not only to the service to which Sir Archibald belongs, but likewise to the "Queen's cloth," which he wears. For officers of the army and navy in Europe are expressly taught that they must at all cost have the "King's cloth" respected; that any indignity to which it is subjected is an insult to the sovereign and must be resented as such.

On the continent any officer who does not resent such an affront either by exacting the most abject apology or else by fighting a duel with the insulter, is compelled to resign his commission, and is subjected from thenceforth to such social ostracism as to render expatriation indispensable. To such a point is this idea carried that when a man is debarred by reason of his inferiority of rank from giving satisfaction to the affronted officer by a meeting on the field of honor, that is to say, by a duel, the officer is considered to have a right to draw his sword, and to cut the fellow down, receiving little or no punishment, and losing no caste or consideration if he happens to kill his man while so doing. Now it is felt that the half-hearted and graceless apology published in the Pall Mall Gazette by Mr. Astor is in no sense of the word adequate to the situation, or that it meets the requirements of the case, since he merely retracted the paragraph which he had published about Sir Berkeley having been uninvited at his house. A far more ample apology is required, and failing this it is considered that in spite of Anglo-Saxon prejudices against duelling, Mr. Astor should be forced by Sir Berkeley to fight him. The latter has almost as many friends on the continent as in England, and whenever he visits Vienna, Berlin, or Paris, he is at once given the run of the leading clubs there if he does not happen to be already on the list of members. If he is to continue to enjoy these privileges and this consideration abroad it is necessary that he should order his conduct in accordance with the ethics which prevail there, and it is realized by Sir Berkeley and by his fellow-officers, friends and sympathizers in England that unless Mr. Astor apologizes for his affront in a far more public and abject manner than he has done until now, or else fights a duel with Sir Berkeley, the latter is likely to find the doors of continental clubs closed against him, and hands that were formerly extended to him in friendship and comradeship contemptuously withheld.

Two nights ago Mrs. Elizabeth McFadden, of Chester, Pa., knelt at her bedside to say her prayers before retiring. When found by the family some time later her hands were clasped in supplication, but her spirit had flown. She was well known in Chester society, and was eighty years of age.

A French ship is taking on 1,250 tons of steam coal in New York to be transported to Marseilles. Two other ships of the Fabre line sailed last week with coal for the other side, and it is said that this is the first time in the history of the line that its ships have carried soft coal as a cargo.

BREACH OF PROMISE HARVEST.

Thirteen Men in a Summer Fortnight Sent to Ludlow Street Jail.

New York Sun.

The harvesting of swains in the summer crop of breach of promise suits has begun so early and the yield so plentiful that the Sheriff's officers were not sanguine yesterday of having accommodations for all in Ludlow Street jail Under-Sheriff Mulvany said yesterday that they had had to find accommodations in Ludlow Street jail for ten defendants within the past two weeks who could not furnish bail. The occasion for the remark was the sight of three more men who were waiting in vain in the Sheriff's office yesterday for friends to give the small bonds required in as many breach of promise suits.

When the time for closing the office had come and Deputy Sheriff Walgering, who is assigned to arrests, took the three men in tow for Ludlow Street jail, he grew philosophical. He has had charge of arrest cases for many years and knew whereof he spoke. He said:

"I do not recall a time when the summer crop began to come in so early. There are more of these suits in the fall, when the summer resorts have about closed up. Men who have been boating, sailing and driving, and wandering about hill and dale in the balmy summer are called back to town and forget their summer girls. The girl remembers the man and has him arrested for breach of promise. It may be that the war in China has something to do with hastening the harvest, as some of the girls may fear that their summer friends will enlist."

Adolfo Picella was one of the three men yesterday. He was arrested at the instance of Lucia Giordano, 16 years old. She wants $10,000 damages for breach of promise, but he could not raise the $400 bail required. Karl Huiska was held in default of $500 bail in an action brought by Betty Kucera to recover $2,000 damages. Louis Danielson was the other swain. Elsie Rosenberg, 17 years old, wants $10,000 damages from him. He could not get the $500 bail required. In each case it was alleged that the defendant was about to depart from the State to avoid the obligation. Unless they get bail they will have to remain in jail till the trial of the actions, which may be some months hence.

A Vital Question.

Detroit Free Press.

"Yes, I'm back!" snapped Grumply. "Went away for a month's vacation and got enough of it in a week. Allowed myself to be flimflammed by an old jay in the country who advertised all the comforts of home at reasonable rates. My wife thought it would do the children a world of good to get a taste of the country, so we left our comfortable home with the idea of spending four weeks communing with nature.

"The old farmer with whom we stayed seemed to be good-natured and took to the children, teaching them how to weed onions, feed the chickens, and pump water for the stock. He offered to teach me how to hoe cabbages, but I declined with thanks. When I think of it now I see that the old man was not as big a fool as he looked and that he succeeded in getting his city boarders to do about two-thirds of the work on the farm.

"One day the children were hunting eggs, and it awoke the memory of my youth when I did the same thing myself, and I joined them just to show them that I hadn't forgotten how.

"'I'll show you where they are!' I shouted as I climbed into the hay mow. 'Just keep your eyes on your dad and get a few pointers!'

"I never thought I could get so excited over so small a thing as hunting eggs.

"'I've found one!' I shouted a moment later.

"Just then my foot slipped and I slid down the hay head first into a hay chute and brought up a moment later in one of the mangers below with a jar that threatened to break every bone in my body.

"While I lay there wondering whether I was dead or alive the old farmer rushed up and with a voice that thrilled with emotion he gasped:

"'Did ye break the egg?'"

DR. TALMAGE AND THE CZAR.

The Preacher Cables Home to Tell of an Interview With Russian Royalty.

The following cablegram from the Rev. Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage, the noted preacher and writer, who is at present in Russia, has been given out by his paper, the Christian Herald:

MOSCOW, July 30.

Since arriving in Russia, I have had the honor of three interviews with royalty: i. e., with the Emperor, the Empress and the Dowager Empress. I found the Emperor in the enjoyment of splendid health physically. He told me that Russia is at peace with all the world, notwithstanding the present troubles in China.

He expressed the greatest interest in our coming Presidential election, and talked as one who was a close observer of American events. A pleasant incident of our conversation was when, apropos of the prevailing famine in India, he recalled the great distress in Russia in 1892, and said that he could never forget the kindness of America in sending relief on that occasion, referring to the shipment of food on the Leo which was the cause of my first visit to St. Petersburg. The Czar is a man 5 feet 10 inches in stature, of blonde complexion and full of animation. His Majesty told me that he was 32 years old, but he does not look 25. Among other matters of conversation, The Hague peace convention was mentioned, and the Emperor said he believed that good results would yet come of that gathering.

"How many things have happened since we last met," he observed, with a reminiscent smile. He mentioned the Spanish-American War and without hesitancy called over the names of our most distinguished naval and military heroes. He spoke cordially of the international friendship that has existed between the two countries, and mentioned in illustration the presence of the Russian fleets in the harbors of New York and San Francisco during our Civil War, for the purpose of protecting us from possible interference by foreign nations. Indeed, all through his conversation, the tone of international amity was strongly present.

The Empress is slightly taller than her husband, and radiantly beautiful. She expresses her opinions without reserve. I talked with the royal wife and daughters as freely as though I were conversing with my own sisters. The Dowager Empress does not look a day older than when I saw her last. She smilingly reminded me of the flowers which she sent my family when I was in Russia eight years ago, and indicated the spot where she then stood with her children. Her beautiful eyes filled with tears and her voice trembled as she referred to the loss of her husband, her son and her mother.

T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

"DROP THAT CIGARETTE."

And Mr. George Gould Quickly Did As He Was Bid.

A New York correspondent writes to the Chicago Times-Herald: "Drop that cigarette, Mr. Gould," exclaimed E. H. Harriman, chairman of the executive meeting of the Board of Directors of the Union Pacific Railroad, a few days ago. He was speaking to George J. Gould, the millionaire director of the company, the man whose father some years ago made a clean sweep of every director in the corporation, from Charles Francis Adams down, because they had displeased him.

Mr. Gould looked astounded. He glanced out of the window of the company's office to see if the world had come to an end.

"I mean it," said Mr. Harriman, severely. "I have just issued an order prohibiting cigarette smoking by any employe of the Union Pacific Railroad. You are an employe of the company—you get $10 every time you come here. So kindly put away that cigarette."

Millionaire Gould recovered from the state of daze into which he had been thrown. Then he slowly dropped his cigarette.

Then Mr. Harriman, who objects to smoking of any kind, announced that he thought men should not be directors in companies and make rules for others if they can't obey the rules themselves.

TYPHOID MILK AND WATER

FEVER ALWAYS COMES FROM LATTER

The Virginia Board of Health says That Typhoid Slays its Thousands Where Smallpox Kills One—If Water and Milk are Free from Germs There is Safety. Clear Water is Not always Pure.

Richmond Times.

The Virginia State Board of Health has just issued a timely circular on "Precautions Against Typhoid Fever." At the outset some startling statements are made. It is said that typhoid fever is a most prevalent disease in Virginia, and that the reports show that it is especially prevalent at this season of the year, being present in almost every county in the State at this time. It is further stated that a safe and proper estimate would be that at least 10,000 persons are sick with this disease annually in Virginia, and that about 1,000 die from its effects. Whenever a single case of smallpox is reported in any community there is more or less alarm, yet the State Board of Health says that typhoid fever kills its thousands where smallpox kills one.

This ought to be enough to arouse the people of every community to the necessity of taking proper precautions against typhoid fever, and the State Board of Health is authority for the statement that this terrible disease is due to neglect; to filth and to the failure to observe proper hygienic conditions.

It is admitted, the circular goes on, that typhoid fever is an infectious disease, transmitted from one person to another by an infecting agent called a germ, which is found in the blood and foecal discharges of one sick with this disease, which germ is most virulent and active when the fever is at its height.

There is a popular impression that typhoid fever comes from bad air, but the State Board of Health says that it is positively asserted and proven that this disease in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred is contracted from drinking water. Many people believe that if the water which they drink is clear and tasteless and without odor it is pure water, but the State Board of Health says that drinking water may possess all these qualities and yet be rankly poisoned with the fever germ. The people are, therefore, warned against drinking water, especially at this season of the year, which they do not know to be perfectly pure. There is one safe rule for people living in town, and that is not to drink well water or spring water. People outside of town who drink water from a well or a spring should be quite sure that there is no cess-pool or cemetery or other contaminating influence within the vicinity of their water supply.

Next to water, we are told that the next common carrier of the typhoid fever germ is milk, and it is further said that the germ is ordinarily introduced into milk by water being mixed with or by washing milk cans or vessels with water. Typhoid fever may also come from defective sewerage, unclean premises and filth generally.

It would appear from this that if people will drink pure water and pure milk, or no milk at all, and keep their premises entirely clean, they will be reasonably safe from typhoid fever. At least, by observing these general precations the danger will be reduced to the minimum.

A New Triple Alliance.

Review of Reviews.

If Great Britain, Japan, and the United States unite in maintaining the integrity of China, the scheme of partition will not succeed. It is true that Japan would like for many reasons, such a lodgment on the mainland as a slice from the corpus of her traditional enemy would give her. But what Japan most wants is to block the game of Russia, France and Germany, the unholy alliance, as it is called in Tokio, which robbed her of the fruits of her successful war. The especial grievance of Germany, the murder of her ambassador by, it is still said, Chinese troops, complicates the situation a great deal. As it required quite a chunk of Shantung to satisfy Germany for the murder of a missionary by robbers, it may be thought in Berlin that all China is not large enough to repay for the outrage committed upon the sacred person of her representative. The situation is certainly grave; but there is no reason to doubt that, if England, Japan, and the United States only stand together, they can preserve China from the avowedly predatory powers, and keep open to trade, under civilized conditions, the last great market of the world.

I thought he might have stepped out to finish his smoke, and returned when it came on to snow. But it was not a man, it was a woman who was coming swiftly towards the house.

A moment of breathless uncertainty, and then I saw it was Lady Gramont. She entered the house by one of the side windows, and closed it after her, noiselessly.

She came straight upstairs, and passed on to her own room, for I could here the soft swish-swish of her skirts as she went by my door. Where had she been? and upon what errand? There was some inscrutable mystery about this woman. I could not even dimly guess what her past had been.

With thoughts all confused and chaotic, I undressed and got into bed; but I had not lain there more than five minutes when a fear darted into my mind which made me spring up as though I had been shot.

I remembered that Lady Gramont had come from the direction of the stables, and the house of Sir Thomas's head groom was a lettle beyond there. Nero was there. Had Lady Gramont's ramble had anything to do with him? I turned hot all over as I debated the question. In less than five minutes I had got my clothes on, and was out of the house.

Come what might, I felt I must know whether my dear old dog was safe. The stables were not more than a hnudred yards away, and Dixon's house was about as far again.

I tore along in the darkness at a rapid pace, feeling wildly excited, and yet with a curious sinking at my heart. The snow as falling fast now—so fast that the prints of Lady Gramont's feet were quite covered up; but, indeed, even if they had remained, they would not have been discernible in the darkness.

I passed the stables. All was quiet there—not a sound to disturb the stillness. I hurried swiftly on, to Dixon's house hoping each moment to hear my faithful old Nero's bark. But no; all continued silent—as silent as the grave.

At length Dixon's house came in sight. Surely, there was something—a dark mass—lying just outside the gate. I strained my eyes to see what it was, and that horrible sinking at my heart increased. I fancied it was Nero, and I knew that, if he was alive, I could scarcely have approached him thus nearly, without springing up to meet me.

Another moment, and I was close enough to see what that dark object was. It was indeed Nero! but he was in the agonies of death. Even as I sprang forward, and called him by his name, he breathed his last, turning his glazing eyes upon me, and making a faint, unavailing effort to lick my hand. He had been poisoned—by whom I could not doubt.

CHAPTER VII.

What I Saw in the Corridor.

For some time I knelt beside the lifeless body of my poor dog. I rubbed his fast-stiffening form in unavailing attempts to restore him; and, when I had to own that all was over, I silently registered a vow that Beatrice Gramont should answer to me for this last foul deed.

It may seem unnatural, but my horror and indignation against her were roused to a far higher pitch by the death of my dog than they had been by the murder of a human being. Then I had been willing to believe she was a wronged woman, and, that, possibly, the fatal shot had been fired when she was maddened by her wrongs.

But the death of my poor Nero had been foully deliberate. She had stolen out by night, stealthily and of set purpose, to poison him, and for this, in my heart of hearts, I vowed to be revenged.

I would make her suffer, even though it were not publicly. She should suffer all the tortures of suspense and dread, even though, in the end, I must needs spare her the rigors of the law—for Vera's sake. For Vera's sake! I set my teeth hard as I thought of this. It seemed so horrible that she, that fiend in human form, should be Vera's mother. It made me wince, as if beneath some fierce, intolerable torture.

I do not know how long I knelt in the snow beside my poor Nero; but I do know that the slow, heavy tears coursed down my face as I thought of all his wonderful wisdom and all his loving faithfulness.

A man finds so few truly faithful friends in his passage through the world, that he may surely spare the tribute of tears when he loses one, whether it be man or dog. But at last I rose, and resolved what I would do. My first impulse had been to knock up Dixon, but a little thought convinced me it would be wiser not to do so.

I would make no outcry about the dog's death; I would not have it known I myself had come out at midnight and found him dying. It might place Beatrice Gramont too much on her guard. If she chose to fancy I should ascribe the deed to some hand other than hers, she was quite welcome to so deceive herself; I should the more easily gain my revenge.

I returned to the house, and lay down in my bed, not without a sore pang at the thought of poor Nero's body, cold and stiff, lying out in the snow by Dixon's gate. Sleep was out of the question. For fully half-a-dozen hours I lay awake, tossing restlessly from side to side, while my fevered brain sought vainly to solve the mystery which surrounded Beatrice Gramont.

Who was the man who had been murdered in the mountain pass. Was he her late husband, the Comte de Gramont? Was that story about his having met his death in India untrue? Had he returned to his beautiful wife at a time when she found his existence undesirable? And had she ended it for him, coolly and deliberately as she had just ended that of my poor dog?

A little before daybreak, worn out with my long night of wakefulness, I fell asleep; but even in my dreams, I could not escape from Beatrice Gramont. She led me through pathless snows, and over high mountains; and, though she seemed ever almost in my grasp, she eluded me at last. Then, in her place, there rose up the image of Vera, sweet, and sad, and pale, with a world of mournful reproach in her soft hazel eyes.

My heart rushed out to her in boundless love, and I would fain have clasped her in my arms. But she waved me back, not in anger, but still with infinite reproach.

"You have ruined my mother," she cried, mournfully. "I thought you loved me, but, if you had loved me, you would have loved my mother, too."

From these dreams I awoke, to find the red wintry sun shining into my chamber, and to feel that I was seriously unwell.

I must have taken cold when I quitted my room at midnight, for my head ached terribly, my mouth felt parched, and my hands were burning. When I essayed to get out of bed, I turned so dizzy that I was glad to get back again. I decided I had better remain in my room for at any rate, an hour or two, and I rang the bell for a servant, and sent down a message to this effect. In a minute or two, Gwynne came up, his kind, good face wearing a look of anxiety at the news of my indisposition. I think I never felt so guilty in my life as when he came and sat beside my bed.

It might have been I and not Beatrice Gramont, who was the perpetrator of a crime.

"I hope you're not going to be ill, Jack," he said, in his kind, earnest manner. "It will just spoil our Christmas if you're out of the way."

I thought grimly that I knew of one person, at any rate, whose Christmas would be by no means spoilt if I were out of the way, not for a few days only, but altogether. However, I assured him there was nothing seriously amiss with me. It was only a cold, and, if I remained in my room, and doctored myself a little, I should probably be quite better by the next day.

"Well, mind you do doctor yourself," he said with another of his kind looks, as he grasped my hand. "If you don't I warn you I shall come up here, and establish myself as your nurse."

I was relieved when he went away, much as I loved him. It was impossible for me to feel anything but guilty in his presence while that wretched secret was weighing on my mind. And yet I could not resolve to broach it to him until I had obtained some further proof.

Later in the day he came up again—this time to tell me of Nero's death. He expressed the most genuine concern, and I am sure the dear fellow's sorrow was all the greater because he himself had spoken harshly of the dog yesterday.

"It's some of those rascally poachers who have done it, you may be sure," he said. "Dixon is awfully put out about it; he thinks you may, perhaps, blame him."

"I couldn't do that," I answered. "He acted under my orders in letting the dog be about at night, so it's my own fault, if it's anyone's. Please tell him not to worry."

I remained in my room all day, and towards night, I felt much better, but exceedingly wakeful. When the rest of the house retired, I still sat in an easy chair, warmly wrapped in dressing gown and slippers. It was useless to go to bed if one could not sleep, I thought.

I must have fallen into a doze; for, when I opened my eyes, I found the fire burned low, and the clock just striking two. I was about to rise and undress, when I fancied I heard the soft swish of a woman's dress in the corridor. Swift as lightning I turned down my lamp, and sat motionless as a statue, with all my senses concentrated into one—that of hearing. My ears are, at all times, unusually keen; but, that night, I verily believe I should have heard the proverbial pin, even had it fallen outside my door. My mind was so full of Beatrice Gramont that I took it for granted it was she who was walking about the house at this unearthly hour.

Nevertheless I received a shock when I cautiously opened my door an inch or so, and peered through the aperture. I saw Lady Gramont, truly enough; but I saw someone else as well—a man—and a man, too, who was an utter stranger to me. Assuredly, he was not one of the guests, I told myself; quite as certainly he was not one of the servants. I knew them all well enough, and this man I had never seen before.

He and Lady Gramont were walking swiftly down the corridor, she clad in a long, white dressing-gown, he in an ulster which reached to his feet, and the collar of which was drawn well up about his ears. He was tall and slender, approaching middle age, with very dark hair.

They passed out of the corridor and down the staircase. I watched them well out of sight, and then stole after them, determined to discover why Lady Gramont was meeting this strange man secretly, and at such an hour, in Sir Thomas Mallory's house.

A light was always kept burning through the night in the corridor; and that was how it was I had seen the stranger's face so distinctly; but, after the staircase was passed, all was utter darkness. I had to grope my way, and was afraid at every step that I might stumble against one or other of those two.

I was standing against a suit of mail in the entrance-hall, when suddenly I saw a glimmer of light apparently proceeding from Sir Thomas's private room. In a moment I slipped behind the suit of mail, and, quite concealed by it, listened with bated breath. At first I heard nothing, but the soft rustle of Lady Gramont's garments, but, after a minute or so, there was the withdrawing of a bolt, and the turning of a key, followed by a gust of frosty air.

Quite evidently the hall door was being opened. I peeped cautiously out from my place of concealment, and saw that the man was in the act of crossing the threshold, and Lady Gramont, with a small spirit lamp in her hand, was preparing to close and fasten the door upon him. Suddenly he turned to her.

"Remember!" he said, in a deep whisper. "Half-past five to-morrow afternoon."

"I will be there," she whispered back; then the door closed.

Lady Gramont, after carefully locking and bolting it, turned and went up the staircase passing within a couple of yards of where I stood. My first impulse had been to confront her; and, telling her boldy what I suspected, demand an explanation of her extraordinary conduct.

But when I heard the man arrange to meet her, I saw it might be wise to hold my peace a little longer.

Although I did not know the place of meeting—only the time—I fancied it would be easy for me to be present at that interview. All I had to do was to keep Lady Gramont in my sight from half-past four to half-past five to-morrow afternoon, and she would surely betray herself. I made up my mind that wherever she went, there I would follow.

CHAPTER VIII.

Brought to Bay.

Having arrived at this decision, I went back to my bedroom, and tried my hardest to get to sleep, for I knew how important it was that I should be well and strong upon the morrow.

At last, and after many ineffectual attempts, I did fall asleep, and slept so soundly that the breakfast-gong was sounding when I awoke. I was delighted to find my cold nearly cured, and, dressing hurriedly, I went downstairs, where the very first person I saw was Lady Gramont.

She was standing at the door of the breakfast room, holding in her arms a tiny Maltese terrier of Lady Mallory's. She was fondling it tenderly, pressing her lips to its little body, and calling it the most endearing names. I thought of my poor Nero, and smiled grimly.

"You are fond of dogs, Lady Gramont?" I said, as I came up to her.

For the life of me, I could not have avoided giving her that home-thrust. It told. I saw her cheeks flush like a rose. She could not look me in the face. She could not answer me. She murmured some inarticulate word or two, and passed into the breakfast room with a hasty step. Vera was at the table. She rose from her place at sight of me, and came towards me, her hand extended with the prettiest, sweetest grace.

"Oh, Sir Douglas, I am so glad you are better!" she whispered, softly, raising her clear hazel eyes to mine.

"Thank you," I answered; and again there was a curious pain at my heart as I thought of the gulf which yawned between me and this sweet child.

"Where is Lady Mallory?" asked Sir Thomas impatiently, as the breakfast gong sounded a second time, and yet our hostess did not make her appearance. Before anyone could answer him, a maid came flying into the room.

"Oh! please, my lady says will you go upstairs at once?" she panted, breathlessly, addressing Sir Thomas. "My lady thinks there were burglars in the house last night!"

Everyone sprang to their feet, uttering simultaneously exclamations of dismay and alarm.

Lady Gramont alone retained any semblance of composure, and even she turned pale. I regarded her intently. She seemed, I thought, conscious of my scrutiny, and uneasy under it. At

("It is useless for you to seek to deceive me further.")

any rate, she moved to quite the other end of the room and took care not to turn her face in my direction.

Sir Thomas was hurrying out of the room, all excitement, when, at the door he was met by Lady Mallory.

"My jewels are gone, Tom!" she said, making a brave effort not to seem too agitated, but looking very white.

Sir Thomas ripped out a hasty oath, then turned to his lady guests, and begged them to examine their jewel cases.

"I sincerely hope the loss is my wife's alone," he said, with a look of concern which testified to the sincerity of his hope.

The ladies needed no second bidding. They flew upstairs to their jewel cases—all but Lady Gramont. She remained where she was.

"It is needless for me to go," she remarked, quite calmly. "My jewels were with Lady Mallory's. She kindly offered to take charge of them for me. If hers are gone, of course mine are gone, too."

"Yes, Beatrice, they are. Oh, I am so sorry!" cried Lady Mallory, taking her future sister-in-law's hand, and speaking in a tone of affectionate concern. "Those beautiful sapphires that Harold gave you! I would not have had you lose them for the world. But who could have forseen such a thing as this?"

"Don't trouble about me, dear," returned Lady Gramont, gently. "I fear I am by no means the only loser. I wish, with all my heart, I were."

I stood a silent listener and spectator, simply lost in amazement. What could I think but that Beatrice Gramont was the confederate of thieves? That it was she who had admitted one into the house last night?

And yet she could stand there, talking to her hostess of the burglary, with her beautiful face quite unmoved, or expressing only a gentle concern, such as any lady might feel at the loss of her jewels.

"Oh, but it is so dreadful to have such things happen in one's house!" said Lady Mallory. "I would have given a thousand pounds to have prevented it. Come, Beatrice, let us go upstairs and see whether anything else is missing. Perhaps you and I are the only sufferers, after all."

But even as she spoke, excited exclamations from the other guests convinced her that the depredators had not been thus moderate. The chamber of every lady guest had been entered, and her jewel case completely rifled.

Of course, the whole house was soon in a state of the wildest excitement. The servants were summoned, and subjected to the severest cross-examinations. Grave suspicion seemed to attach to one of them, inasmuch as it was scarcely possible for the thief to have entered the house without help from inside. The butler swore that every door and window had been securely fastened when he went his usual round at midnight; and yet, now, a scullery door was found unfastened. Undoubtedly it was by this the thief had made his ingress.

Sir Harold assisted his brother-in-law in his investigations, and, when the police arrived, he was foremost in instructing them. I stood and listened with an ever-deepening sense of horror.

"Spare no pains to find the criminals," he said; and I shuddered when I reflected that, before long, he must needs be told that one at least, of those criminals was the woman he so entirely worshipped.

I was only anxious to see where Beatrice Gramont went at half-past five in the evening and on what errand. I doubted not I should gain then all the proof I needed, and it would be my duty to tell him everything. I shall pass over that uncomfortable and, to me, most unhappy day. Everybody was full of the robbery, and seemed unable to talk of anything else; and it was a theme of which I, knowing what I did, could not bear to speak. I shunned Gwynne's society, for how could I look him in the face while I was concealing such a secret from him?

I shunned Vera's equally and it may be imagined I did not throw myself in the way of Lady Gramont. I just moped about in out-of-the-way corners and was, perhaps, as thoroughly uncomfortable as I had ever been in my life.

"A pretty Christmas it will be for us all!" I thought grimly. "Poor Gwynne will carry a broken heart, if ever man did in this world. Vera will have to know there is something wrong, even if she isn't told the whole truth, and I shall seem like the evil genius who has caused the misery and wretchedness. I wish to Heaven I'd never come here this Christmas, or, still better, that I hadn't seen what I did see last Christmas Day."

As the afternoon wore on, I watched Lady Gramont intently, and I fancied she showed some signs of agitation. The color in her face was a trifle deeper than usual; her smile had lost something of its sweet, bright serenity.

At half past four, Lady Mallory dispensed tea to her guests, and, immediately after it, the ladies always retired to their rooms, to dress for dinner, for we dined rather early at Deepdene. Sir Thomas never liked to take his dinner later than six or half-past.

I noticed that Lady Gramont was the first to retire. I watched her up the staircase; then I, too, beat a retreat, and, hurrying up to my room, I put on a hat and an overcoat, and, coming downstairs again, made my way outside the house, and stationed myself in a little shrubbery, where I could command a view of all the doors, save those which belonged to the servants.

It must be remembered that, although I knew the hour, I did not know the place of meeting; and, therefore, there was nothing for it but to watch for Lady Gramont to leave the house, and to follow her wherever she went.

It was bitterly cold as I stood there, among the leafless trees, I remembered with something like a shudder, that tomorrow would be Christmas Eve—the anniversary of the day when that poor, unknown wretch had been foully murdered in the mountain pass. For about twenty minutes I stood anxiously waiting. But, at length, my patience was rewarded. One of the French windows

of the library was opened, and Lady Gramont stepped out. I saw her features distinctly in the moonlight. I saw, too, that she was enveloped from head to foot in a long dark cloak, and that she appeared to be carrying something both bulky and heavy beneath it.

She cast one swift, anxious look around, as though to assure herself she was not observed; then she crossed the lawn, and entered a long dark evenue of trees, which led, as I knew, into a small plantation that skirted the road.

Noiselessly, but swiftly, I followed her, keeping at a respectable distance—as I could well afford to do, for the ground was still covered with snow, and I was thus enabled to trace her by her footprints. I have since wondered that, in view of the fact of a burglary having been committed only the night before, we were not—both of us—watched in our turn by detectives, or some such people. Assuredly, a watch ought to have been set upon every person in the house after such an event. But, I suppose, the truth was that the county police, who had the case in charge, were a set of unmitigated duffers, and the man from Scotland Yard, whom Sir Thomas had telegraphed for, had not yet arrived.

At any rate, Lady Gramont went the whole length of the avenue, and I followed her without our being intercepted by anyone.

I was quite certain she was carrying something bulky and heavy beneath her cloak, and it struck me it was most likely some of the stolen jewels.

She was taking them to her confederate, he not having been able to carry off all the booty the night before.

When she got to the end of the avenue, she immediately entered the small plantation I have spoken of, and, for a moment or two, I lost sight of her.

I had to stoop to search for her footprints, and by the time I had found them, and followed on in their wake for a few steps, I heard sounds which convinced me I had run my quarry to earth, and that it now behooved me to exercise the extremest caution.

I heard voices, the rich, sweet one of Lady Gramont, and the hoarse, deep tones of a man.

Another moment, and I saw both him and her distinctly.

They were standing beneath an old elm-tree, which had been struck by lightning in the autumn.

He was the same man whom I had seen in the corridor last night, and he was holding out his arms to relieve her of her burden.

Just at this critical moment, and before I could distinguish a word that passed between them, a most unlucky accident happened—an accident which as after events proved, might easily have cost me my life.

I had, almost unconsciously, been resting my weight on the branch of a tree, as I leaned forward to look and to listen.

The branch was rotten. It cracked, snapped, and I plunged forward, only saving myself with difficulty from falling on the ground.

The sound startled those two whom I was watching.

The man seized what I now saw was a well-filled leathern bag from Lady Gramont, and fled through the plantation with the speed of a hunted hare.

Lady Gramont looked wildly first one way and then another, seemed about to follow the man, and, finally, turned round, advanced a step or two in my direction, and, by so doing, all but fell into my arms, which I stretched out to intercept her passage.

For one moment we stood and gazed into each other's eyes in silence.

The moon shone full down on us both. We could see each other almost as distinctly as if it had been day.

She recovered her composure, or, at any rate, a fair semblance of it, very quickly.

"Mr. Douglas!" she exclaimed. "Oh, how you startled me! I suppose I startled you, too, though. You would be surprised to see me here."

Her beautiful face actually wore a smile as she said this.

I told myself she was preparing to throw dust in my eyes once more, and I steeled myself against her.

I would let her know it was useless to try to hoodwink me—to palm upon me any plausible falsehood accounting for her presence in the plantation at such an hour.

"No, Lady Gramont, I was not in the least surprised or startled. I answered coldly. "You will understand what I mean when I tell you I was a witness to your meeting with your friend in Sir Thomas's house last night; and that I came here purposely to discover what your business with him might be."

She turned deathly pale—so pale that, for a moment, I feared she was about to faint.

She looked so beautiful, with her large, lustrous eyes fixed piteously on mine, that I had much ado to keep my heart from relenting towards her: but the memory of Gwynne's wrongs strengthened me, and I continued, as sternly as before:

"It is useless for you to seek to deceive me any further. I have proofs that you are in league with thieves; and, in my heart, I firmly believe you have the guilt of murder on your soul. Lady Gramont. I recognize you as the woman who committed that murder in the mountain pass last Christmas Eve."

Whiter she could not be.

That was impossible; but the look of terror in her beautiful eyes grew deeper and deeper.

She opened her lips, but no words came.

She was stricken dumb.

"Allow me to see what you have in your hand," I said, very coolly, seeing that, although her confederate had made off with the leathern bag, she was still convulsively clutching at something underneath her cloak.

As I spoke, I drew forth her hands, she not attempting to resist me, only looking up at me with piteous, imploring eyes.

I could not repress a slight exclamation when the moonlight flashed upon a necklace and tiara of sapphires.

"Ah!" I exclaimed. "This, I presume, is your share of the spoils."

"No, no!" she panted. Oh, no, no! They are my own—my very own! Sir Harold gave them to me. He did, indeed!"

Looking at the jewels again, I was forced to own she spoke truth in this.

The sapphires had been Sir Harold's gift to her.

I had seen them before, and I recognized them.

This was an unexpected turn for the affair to take.

It nonplussed me, I must confess; but, after a moment or so, I fell back on my conviction that there was something very seriously wrong, and I demanded, with no abatement of my sternness:

"What are you doing with them

She did not answer—simply stood here?"

before me in silence, her head drooping, her cloak fallen back a little so as to reveal the fact that she was in evening dress.

The very sight of this took me back to last Christmas Eve.

I laid my hand on her arm, and I said, slowly and distinctly:

"If you are not what I suspect you to be, the proof lies ready to your hand. You can convince me in a single moment, if you choose."

She did not appear to understand me, but I concluded this was only another piece of her matchless acting.

Her lips moved faintly, and formed the one word: "How?"

"Show me your arm," I went on, mercilessly. "The woman whom I suspect of being a murderess has a wound upon her arm, caused by cauterization following the bite of a dog. Show me your arm, and, if there is no such mark upon it, I will let you pass unquestioned. I will not even seek to know what you are doing here."

She looked up into my face with those beautiful eyes of hers.

There were tears in them—tears in her voice, too, as she panted forth:

"Oh, no, no! At least, not now! How could I? Oh, for pity's sake——"

I stopped her with a curt, sharp gesture.

"Pray do not think those protestations will avail with me," I said. "It is a very simple thing I am requesting you to do—nothing that need shame the delicacy of the purest woman. I only ask you, in proof of your own innocence, to allow me to look at your arm. You need only roll up your sleeve to just a little above the elbow. Surely there is nothing in that to call for such agitation, or for such piteous entreaties."

"Spare me! Oh, spare me!" she cried, and she folded her arms, as though involuntarily, across her breast.

I was angered by her obduracy—moved, too, by a fear that, if I did not take advantage of this opportunity, she would escape me after all.

How did I know but that she might find some means either of removing the scar from her arm, or of plausibly accounting for it, if once I let her go?

Never before, in my life, had I offered violence to a woman; but I was resolved to use it now.

"Lady Gramont," I said, sternly, "it is useless to seek to evade me. I am firmly resolved to know the truth of this matter; and, if you will not consent to show me, why, much as I shall regret to use even the shadow of force, I shall simply have to examine your arm for myself without your consent. I can only say that, if I find no scar there, I shall be willing to submit to any punishment you please. Once more, I ask you, will you show me your arm?"

Once more she answered:

"Oh, no, no! Have pity! Spare me! spare me!"

But I was resolute.

I took her arm firmly in both my hands, and rolled back the satin sleeve, which fell quite loosely two or three inches below her elbow.

She uttered a faint shriek, but made no other resistance.

I think she realized it was useless to contend with me.

In another moment I had the proof I needed—the proof I had been so certain I should find.

(To be Continued Next Saturday.)

The New Orleans Times-Democrat tells of a blind man in a Southern city who goes to the postoffice every day, carrying a small light riding whip, which he holds slightly inclined to the front, with the tip just touching the pavement. His sense of touch has become so delicate that the whip is almost an artificial eye. When the point encounters anything he makes a few swift passes over the surface and generally determines the exact character of the obstacle. It is done so quickly and deftly as to attract no attention, and few passers have the least suspicion of the old man's infirmity. When he reaches the postoffice he turns unhesitatingly, mounts the middle stairs, walks over to the lock boxes, and without any feeling around, thrusts a key into the right aperture.

Rev. William Dexter Wilson, for many years professor of moral and intellectual philosophy of Cornell University, is dead, aged eighty-four years.

SCIENCE EXPLAINS.

Bible Miracles Are Not Essential to Christianity.

Miracles as an article of faith were taken out of Christianity by Prof. Benjamin W. Bacon, of the Yale Divinity School, the other evening. He spoke before the Men's Club of the United Church on the theme "Is a Belief in Miracles Essential to Christianity?"

At the outset Prof. Bacon declared that it was not, and he said that the greater part of the miracles of the Bible can now be explained by scientific reasoning. They were regarded originally as miracles because they were not understood. He pointed to the alleged miraculous destruction of armies and multitudes of people according to the Old Testament, asserting that some plague which was not understood fell upon the armies, and that because of the enormous number of deaths which followed a miracle was said to have been wrought.

Prof. Bacon explained the crossing of the Red Sea by the children of Israel by saying that it had been been found that high winds actually drive the sea back at the exact spot where the miracle is supposed to have taken place, and that probably the children of Israel arrived at just the time when one of these was blowing.

He declared that the test of the miraculous was "permanent incomprehensibility." The only two miracles which have stood the test of science in attempts to explain are, he said, the Resurrection and the Crucifixion. He referred to many of the miracles of the New Ttestament as "legendary accretions," declaring that the narratives were written down from memory, years after their occurrence, by the Apostles.

Prof. Bacon's address is said to have been based on the doctrine taught in the Yale Divinity School.—N. Y. World.

Skyscrapers in Paris.

A new departure in the building trade is being made in Paris. Hitherto houses of a dozen and more stories have been rarely erected outside the United States. The French capital, however, is soon to have one of fourteen. A correspondent states that it is being built in the Rue Mont Thaber, and will be fireproof throughout, being constructed entirely of cement and steel. When completed the archives of the Ministry of Finance will find a resting place within its walls.—Birmingham Post.

Since the Senate decided to pay for all telegrams sent by its members the operator at the Senate wing of the Capitol has been kept constantly busy. One day last session Senator Quay sent 240 despatches to Altoona, the expense for which was paid by the Senate.—Correspondence Brooklyn Eagle.

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MAGIC LETTER "N."

Bill Arp Writes of Invincible Political Combinations.

From Bill Arp's Letter.

Washington and Adams, Adams and Jefferson, Jefferson and Burr, Jefferson and George Clinton, Madison and George Clinton, Madison and Elbridge Gerry, Monroe and Daniel Tompkins, Monroe and Daniel Tompkins, J. Q. Adams and Calhoun, Jackson and Calhoun, Jackson and Van Buren, Van Buren and R. M. Johnson, Harrison and Tyler, Polk and Dallas, Taylor and Fillmore, Pierce and William R. King, Buchanan and Breckenridge, Lincoln and Hamlin, Lincoln and Johnson, Grant and Colfax, Hayes and Wheeler, Garfield and Arthur, Cleveland and Hendricks, Harrison and Morton, Cleveland and Stevenson.

Jefferson ran against C. C. Pinckney.

Madison ran against DeWitt Clinton.

Monroe ran against Rufus King.

J. Q. Adams ran against Jackson.

Jackson ran against Clay.

Van Buren ran against Harrison.

Harrison ran against Van Buren.

Polk ran against Clay.

Taylor ran against Cass.

Pierce ran against Scott.

Buchanan ran against Freemont.

Lincoln ran against Breckenridge and Bell.

Grant ran against Seymour.

Hayes ran against Tilden.

Garfeld ran against Hancock.

Cleveland ran against Blaine.

Harrison ran against Cleveland.

Cleveland ran against Harrison.

Now pick out those successful candidates whose names, presidents and vice presidents, ended in N.

Jefferson and Clinton, Madison and Clinton, Jackson and Calhoun, Jackson and Van Buren and R. M. Johnson, Lincoln and Hamlin, Lincoln and Johnson, Harrison and Morton.

And now if there is any charm in the letter N look out for a ground swell that will roll Bryan and Stevenson into office next November. Look out, I say, and have as much faith as you do in seeing the new moon in a clear sky over your right shoulder. Bryan was defeated the last time because the name of his running mate ended in L. That's why the wise men wouldn't take Hill this time—too much L (hell) in it they said. But all's well that N's (ends) well, so Mr. Shakespeare says.

Where Farm Hands are in Demand.

Farm hands in the West must be in great demand, judging by the following anecdote which the New York Tribune attributes to a well-known clergyman, of Pontiac, Michigan: "A large woman, accompanied by a comparatively small and meek looking man, had come in and asked to be married. After the ceremony was all over the bride explained her position. 'You see, Mr. Sheridan,' she said, 'farm hands are mighty hard to get in this part of the country, and they are even harder to keep. You get a good hired man and get him well broke in to work around the farm, and the first thing you know he quits the job and goes off to town or somewhere else. Last spring I had a first class hand, but just when the season got right busy he up and quit me. I just made up my mind that I wasn't going to be left in the same fix this summer, so here we are.' The bridegroom in the case simply stood and smiled meekly. He had nothing at all to say."

WITTY AND SARCASTIC.

If women ever do really get the ballot there are lots of them who will use it for curl papers.

Many a man is accused of having a warped intellect whose only trouble is the possession of two left feet.

Leading a double life can't be all the fun that some people imagine. Thing of having to cope with two janitors.

Some people talk so much about the cold baths they take that you can almost believe that they think you think it's so.

There are some fellows worse than the man who carries a golf stick to work with him. They are where they ought to be though.

A man always pretends that he didn't know a grass widow was married after he has proposed to her. Then he acts hurt about it.

The modern girl never feels so delightfully masculine as when she has to crawl around on the carpet looking for her collar button under the bureau.

The college girl who wrote essays about "The Final Extinction of Man" will fill five pages telling you about the baby's first tooth a few years after she graduates.

The fellow who wears a necktie of wall paper designs or neat oilcloth pattern isn't a thoroughly bad man at heart. Perhaps his wife picked it up at a sale.

THE CONFEDERATE CROSS.

Poem by Harry Lyndon Flash. Read on Decoration Day, at Los Angeles, Cal.

As even a tiny shell recalls
The presence of the sea,
So, gazing on this cross of bronze
The past recurs to me.

I see the Stars and Bars unfurled
And like a meteor rise,
To flash across a startled world,
A wonder in the skies.

I see the gathering of the hosts,
As like a flood they come,
I hear the shrieking of the fire,
The growling of the drum.

I see the tattered flag afloat,
Above the flaming line—
Its ragged folds, to dying eyes,
A token and a sign.

I see the charging hosts advance—
I see the slow retreat—
I hear the shouts of victory,
The curses of defeat.

I see the grass of many fields
With the crimson life-blood wet—
I see the dauntless eyes ablaze
Above the bayonet.

I hear the crashing of the shells,
'Mid Chickamauga's pines—
I hear the shrill, defiant yells
Ring down the waiting lines.

I hear the voices of the dead,
Of comrades tried and true—
I see the smiling lips of men
Who died for me and you.

And all the varied scenes of war
Upon my vision rise—
I hear the widows' piteous wail,
I hear the orphans' cries.

I see the Stars and Bars unfurled,
Unstained, in Glory's hand,
And Peace again her wings unfold
Above a stricken land.

And this and more this magic cross
Recalls to heart and brain,
Beneath its mystic influence
The dead past lives again.

And friends who take a parting look
When I am laid to rest,
Will see, beside the Cross of Christ,
This cross upon my breast.

BALLAD OF THE TRAILING SKIRT.

I met a girl the other day,
A girl with golden tresses,
Who wore the most bewitching air
And daintest of tresses
I gazed at her with kindling eye
And admiration utter—
Until I saw her silken skirt
Was trailing in the gutter.

"What senseless style is this?" I thought,
"What new sartorial passion?"
And who on earth stands sponsor for
"The idiotic fashion?"
I've asked a dozen maids or more,
A tailor and a cutter,
But no one knows why skirts are made
To drag along the gutter.

What lovely woman wills to do
She does without a reason.
To interfere is waste of time,
To criticise is treason.
Man's only province is to work
To earn his bread and butter—
And buy her all the skirts she wants
To trail along the gutter.

—Life.

A PARABLE OF PRIDE.

Written for the Telegram.

A big sunflower with homely face,
Stood in the garden with awkward grace;
His hair was yellow and his skin was brown,
Reminding one of a circus clown.
He knew he was ugly and queerly dressed,
So to have good manners he did his best;
And a broad smile beamed from his sunny brow
As to every passerby he made his bow.

The morning glories in the grass,
With faces fit for the looking glass,
Made fun of the sunflower in the morn.
And proudly curled the lip of scorn;
They giggled and laughed in giddy glee,
Saying: "Such a fright did you ever see?"

When the sun rose high and his rays shone hot
On this identical garden spot,
The morning glories shriveled and shut,
But the big sunflower was a swelling strut.

—PIEDMONT.

TAR HEEL Cough Syrup, it cures. 25c.

WOMEN OF NOTE.

What Some of Them Are Doing and Saying.

Next to Olive Schreiner, Cecil Rhodes' sister is said to be the most interesting woman in South Africa today. Her eccentricities are numerous, and she is as famed for her dislike of men as her brother for his of women. She is so decidedly of the masculine type as at once to attract attention. In complexion and manner she closely resembles the English squire of sporting prints, and she has been endowed with a voice to match. Indeed, there is nothing feminine about her except her deference to the social conventionalities in always having a woman companion in close attendance upon her, while her impulsive generosity wins her many friends. On board a steamer going down to Cape Town, recently, she regulated the handicap for the running matches, umpired the chicken fights and was particularly active in inciting to extraordinary efforts the contestants in a tug-of-war. Her home, Groot Schur, is a beautiful country place near Cape Town, and she has made a zoological collection that includes almost every wild animal native to South Africa. She has a better understanding of the politics and statecraft of South Africa than many a member of the British colonial office. Of course, her views are the exact opposite of Olive Schriener, the Boer champion.

Woman's work has widened and extended so wonderfully in the last few years that it seems as if every sphere and phase must be exhausted. So it is that one feels like congratulating the woman who has hung out her sign as an "advertisement construc-sign." She is a rhymester by nature, and she sits at her desk all day long building advertisements for the butcher, the baker and the candle-stick maker. She can build as airily and as flippantly as her clients want.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

The hardest places in life are never made any better by growing.—Ram's Horn.

If a sermon pricks your conscience, it must have good points.—Ram's Horn.

Some faults are so nearly allied to excellence that we can scarcely weed out the vice without eradicating the virtue.—Goldsmith.

Some people will never learn anything, because they understand everything too soon.—Anon.

If I can only place a little brick in the pavement of the Lord's highway, I will place it there, that coming generations may walk thereon to the heavenly city.—Phillips Brooks.

Notice of Execution Sale.

North Carolina, Guilford County. } In the Superior Court.

The Brooks Manufacturing Company vs J. S. Barnes.

By virtue of an execution directed to the undersigned, from the Superior Court of Guilford County, in the above entitled action, I will on Monday, the 20th day of August, 1900, at 12 o'clock, m., at the court house door of said county, sell to the highest bidder, for cash, to satisfy said execution, all the right, title and interest which the said J. S. Barnes, defendant, has in the following described real estate, to-wit: Beginning at an iron stake, in Tate Brothers' line, on West Washington street, thence south with Tate Brothers' line 135 feet; thence east 61 feet to a stake; thence north 135 feet to W. Washington street; thence west with said West Washington street to the beginning. The above land was conveyed to grantor by C. C. Holder, B 91, Page 198.

J. H GILMER, Sheriff.
Per W. J. Weatherly, D. S.
Jul21 28-a4-11-18.

J. M. HENDRIX & CO.

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DO YOU WANT A CORSET that WILL NOT BREAK==one that will give you ease, comfort and a shapely figure? If so, try the P. N.

The Cork Steel Protector used in this corset will keep front steel from breaking or rusting and give comfort to the wearer when bending forward. Popular prices.

J. M. HENDRIX & CO.

Greensboro, N. C.